PEORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY.
WRITING OR MARKING IN THIS BOOK, EVEN FOR
THE CORRECTION OF TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS,
STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. ANY DEFACEMENT OR
MUTILATION WILL BE CHARGED TO THE
BORROWER PREVIOUS TO THE DISCOVERY.

THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

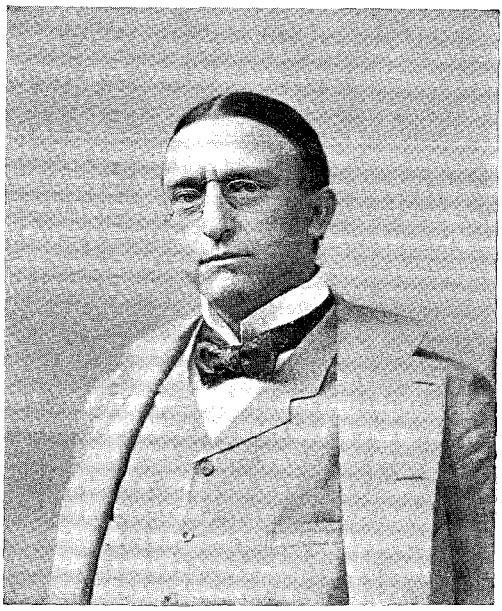
With the appearance of the present number, THE BOOKMAN enters upon its second volume, and we may be permitted to express our thanks for the very friendly appreciation that has been accorded to it by the reading public and by its literary contemporaries. To make it with every issue more and more worthy of this generous judgment is the earnest purpose of its editors and publishers alike.

❀

The present number is dated "August-September," in order to make THE BOOKMAN's appearance hereafter coincident with that of nearly all the other monthly magazines—that is to say, a week or more before the nominal date of publication. Therefore the next number—that for October—will appear about September 25th.

❀

Mr. Edward W. Townsend, the creator of the inimitable Chimmie Fadden, was born in Cleveland, O., but migrating to San Francisco when he left school, he made California his adopted State. He started to study practical mining at the great Comstock Lode with an elder brother, but the fascination of newspaper life took hold of him, and after two years' apprenticeship to journalism in several mining camps, he returned to San Francisco. Here he wrote long and short stories for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, the leading weekly on the Pacific Coast. Finally he gravitated in 1892 to New York, where he joined the staff of the *Sun*. Shortly after his engagement with the *Sun* he began his tenement-district studies. The series evolved itself. It started with an attempt to write a "Sunday Special," and one story led to another. "Hunt up that little Bowery chap you wrote about," said the city editor of the *Sun* after the first sketch appeared, "and give us some more about him." On Mr. Townsend's replying, "He's an imaginary character," the city editor rejoined, "Well, imagine some more about him."



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Townsend relates how the following incident put him on Chimmie's track a few days before he wrote the first story for the *Sun*: "I was visiting a mission where some ladies were giving a dinner to tenement-house children which I was to report. I noticed one little fellow near me gulp down a piece of pie in about two bites. The young lady in charge, who seemed to be on very good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terms with the boys and assumed a pretty air of comradeship, was standing by and saw the pie disappear. She leaned over and said, with a bit of the boy's manner for good-fellowship, 'Would you like another piece if I can sneak it?' His eyes brightened. She brought the pie and placed it before him with a little confidential whisper, as though it were a special favour, of which he was not to tell. As she did so the boy leaned over and kissed her hand. It must have been the innate gentleman in him. No one could have taught him. It may be that he had seen a courtier do it on some Bowery stage; but I think it was just his own natural tribute. That was my first insight into the Bowery character. It set me thinking, and when I wanted to write a 'special' I used the people I had seen there, making up my own story."

❀

Mr. Townsend's new novel, *A Daughter of the Tenements*, was finished a few weeks ago and is now in the press. The accompanying portrait is from a new photograph taken for THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Townsend, by the way, has been asked by Mr. Charles Hopper to dramatise *Chimmie Fadden*. Mr. Hopper will appear in the rôle of the Bowery boy during the forthcoming season. Mr. Townsend is one of the few pressmen who does not believe that he can write a play; nevertheless we are sanguine of his success with *Chimmie*. Among other recent literary productions to be put on the stage this autumn are *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which will appear in one of our prominent theatres; and José Echegaray's *Son of Don Juan*, the rights of which have just been bought by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

❀

The recent publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Company of Balzac's *Le Peau de Chagrin* suggests to us the magnificent possibilities which this novel contains for dramatisation with Richard Mansfield as the hero. *The Magic Skin*, or, as Mr. Saintsbury prefers it, *The Wild Ass's Skin*, is a representative drama of universal human experience, and as centred in the tragic figure of Raphael it is peculiarly adapted to Mr. Mansfield's art.

❀

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN we inadvertently alluded to Mr. Eric Mackay as Marie Corelli's son. The *Critic* points out the error, but stumbles itself in stating that Mr. Mackay is Marie Corelli's brother. The promising author in question is really the son of her adoptive father, Dr. Mackay, a London physician. Mr. Mackay dedicated the volume of sonnets entitled *Love Letters of a Violinist* to his adopted sister; and Mme. Clara Lanza, in a recent literary *causerie*, tells us how, when Lord Tennyson died, Marie Corelli hopefully expected Mr. Mackay to receive at once the appointment to succeed to the laurel crown.

❀

Colonel Waring, of this city, figures very prominently in the newspaper press as a cleanser of streets, a spender of appropriations, and a designer of duck-suits, but so far as we have observed the current discussion, no one has yet considered him in the light of an author, except, of course, as a writer on sanitary science. We therefore take pleasure in reminding our contemporaries that to him is to be ascribed a very pleasing volume, with the poetic title *The Bride of the Rhine*, which first saw the light in 1878, when it came from the press of J. R. Osgood and Company, of Boston. It narrates the voyage made by the Colonel in a new boat down the Moselle from Metz to Coblenz, and is replete with dainty little pictures of that interesting region, garnished with German poetry, and ending with a verse translation of the *Mosella*, of Ausonius; this last, however, by a friend of Colonel Waring's. This information will doubtless cause several Tammany editors to prick up their ears, and feel an unholy joy that their enemy has written a book; but we inform them in advance that the book is a very good one, so that through it the Lord has not delivered its author into their hands.

❀

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has at last been prevailed upon to give to the world his large stores of knowledge concerning the Victorian period of literature in a work to be entitled *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Being Memoirs to Serve for a Literary History of the Period.* This work is intended to do for the nineteenth century what Nicoll's *Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* did for its pred-

PRODUCED BY UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecessor. It will contain new material about almost every author of the period, mainly from manuscript sources and partly from newspapers and periodicals. It is expected that the work will be published in six volumes, and by the time it is completed it is hoped that it will furnish the most important collection of papers in existence towards a complete literary history of the century. Mr. Thomas J. Wise, author of the *Bibliography of John Ruskin*, will collaborate with Dr. Nicoll in editing this important undertaking. The first volume will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has after all decided that he will not go to India this autumn. He is at present staying with his father at Tisbury, in Wiltshire, England.

❀

It has been noticed by attentive readers that Mr. Crockett's name always appears on his books and elsewhere as "S. R. Crockett;" and no sketches of him, so far as we know, have given his name in full. Even in his correspondence Mr. Crockett simply uses his initials. Hence it may be of interest to note about the Covenanter novelist that the letters "S. R." stand for "Samuel Rutherford."

❀

It will be remembered that the admirers of Professor Theodor Mommsen presented him last year with a fund of 25,000 marks ($6250) on the occasion of his *Jubiläum*, a good portion of this sum having been raised in England and the United States. It is now announced that he has turned the money over to the Berlin Academy of Sciences to defray the cost of preparing a complete *corpus* of Greek numismatical inscriptions.

❀

Mr. Robert S. Hichens, whose lively satire, *The Green Carnation*, made such a distinct hit last year, has just issued, through the Messrs. Appleton, another clever performance entitled *An Imaginative Man*. Mr. Hichens is a young man of thirty, yet he has already crowded a good deal of hard work into this brief span. Although at the age of seventeen he wrote a novel which was actually published, he seems to have been most bent on a musical career; but he wearied of his first love, and took to journalism. He has a facile pen for lyric writing, and is the author of numerous songs which have been set to music. His first short story appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, entitled "The Collaborators," which is to be included in a book of

ROBERT S. HICHENS.

short stories to be published before the close of the year. In 1893 he visited Egypt for the sake of his health, and it was the sight of the Pyramids that inspired him with the idea which has materialised in *An Imaginative Man*. *The Green Carnation*, written upon his return, brought him into public notice—whether of notoriety or fame is for readers to judge. Mr. Hichens is a much-travelled man, and it is possible that he may cross to these shores in the late autumn. He is engaged on a third novel of London life, which threatens this time to add yet another to the women-novels.

❀

Among the opinions of the ten writers of more or less literary eminence who contributed to a symposium on "The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Place of Realism in Fiction," in the July *Humanitarian*, the best and clearest exposition of realism within the narrow compass allotted comes from Mr. W. H. Mallock, the celebrated author of *The New Republic*, and whose new novel, *The Heart of Life*, is reviewed on another page. "If by realism," he says, "is

W. H. MALLOCK.

meant the artistic reproduction of life literally as it is, or of even a single scene exactly as it occurred, realism is impossible and even unthinkable. Art, in fact, is a process of representing, or attempting to represent a whole, by a very small number of selected parts; and whether the representation is true to life, or in other words, whether it expresses a reality, and is in any deep sense realistic, does not depend only on the accuracy of each part, but on the general impression which the parts, when put together, produce. If M. Zola had witnessed and described the Crucifixion, he would probably have devoted more care to describing a heap of filth at the foot of the Cross, than the aspect and behaviour of the Sufferer; but he would not for that reason be more realistic than the Evangelists, who omit such details altogether."

Whether M. Zola's views be true or false, it is certain that his romances are still in demand. Otherwise we should not read the announcement of an edition of *Une Page d'Amour* (*Les Rougon Macquart*) with one hundred illustrations by François Thévenot, forming a handsome octavo volume for twenty-five francs! *La Curée* has already appeared in the same style and at the same price, and *Nana* is in preparation to range with these two. Emile Testard is the publisher.

❀

Among all his books, George Moore regards *Mike Fletcher* as embodying his best work. After finishing it, he wrote to a friend in this country: "At last I have written a really great book. It is the best—all I can do." The novel, however, had little success in England, and none at all in this country. Mr. Moore was in despair, after which he was comforted by the gradual appreciation of his critical work, especially his *Impressions and Opinions*, and also by the vogue of *Esther Waters*. It may be whimsical, but we really believe that much of the neglect from which *Mike Fletcher* suffered was due to its very unattractive title. There is a good deal in a name, as any publisher can testify from his own experience.

❀

Mr. Moore likes Americans, and especially American women, whose clever talk amuses him. He has a number of correspondents in this country to whom he dashes off rapid, unconventional letters, full of blots and blurs, and characterised by an utter disregard for the accepted rules of English orthography, for Mr. Moore can never learn to spell, and depends greatly upon the friendly proof-reader—in which, by the way, he is not alone among men of letters. Mr. Moore is still unmarried, and resides, when in London, in the Temple, of which famous place he has given several interesting pictures in his novels. As a worker he is indefatigable, rewriting and polishing to the last moment. Upon *Esther Waters* he spent three years of hard work.

❀

"Maarten Maartens" occupies a unique place in English literature. A Hollander, he is known by his neighbours as a country gentleman who shuts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself up for hours together writing !—while he has leapt to fame as a writer of fiction in English. His new novel, *My Lady Nobody*, is reviewed on another page, and the accompanying portrait is taken from a recent photograph. He has frequently visited London since he became famous, and is now paying a more extended visit to "the English country," which has a wonderful fascination for this foreigner. "Assuredly," he says, "London resembles a magnet in the way in which it draws men to itself from all parts."

❀

"How did you come to write fiction?" he has been asked by the inevitable interviewer, "especially fiction in English?"

"I had been to England as a boy, and later I travelled a good deal, having a considerable amount of leisure on my hands. It was meant that I should go into politics, but I am thankful I have found my activities in another direction—in literature, that is. True, I am a graduated barrister, but that was really part of my training for public life, and I have never practised. During one holiday, then, I wrote in English my first story, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, and sent it over here to ascertain if any publisher would have it. A bold proceeding, wasn't it?"

Maarten Maartens.

"Well, and did you find a publisher?"

"I hardly expected that I should, and I didn't, but eventually I published the story at my own risk. Everybody thought it was a translation of a Dutch story, and I fancy that a misapprehension to this effect still exists in reference to my novels. Many people regard them as translations. As a matter of fact, a translation of them into Dutch is only now being made, and I may add that they are also being translated into German."

"You preferred, from the artistic point of view, perhaps, to write in English?"

"Yes. Dutch is very fine for higher prose or poetry, but for lighter literature, I think, English is superior. It is more flexible, nimbler; only don't sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pose, as I saw it stated somewhere, that the Dutch peasants know English. Oh, dear, no; but still the Dutch are very good linguists. My second book, *An Old Maid's Love*, Bentley published, and with the exception of a short novel, *A Question of Taste*, he has issued what else I have written. *God's Fool* is my own favourite, but many people appear to think that *The Greater Glory* is a better book.

❀

"I endeavour to write stories," continued Mr. Maartens, "which shall, as closely as I can make them, be reflections of real life. The extent to which I succeed in that is the extent to which I am content with what I write, and the interest the books have created has naturally greatly gratified me. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this interest; and it is not in England only that it exists, but also in America."

"Why should you say that?"

"Well, you see the circumstances are so unusual—a Dutchman appealing to English-speaking people. In writing English, too, there is the disadvantage of being unconsciously betrayed into Dutch forms of expression. For the rest, my position stands by itself, of course, and in that alone there is an enormous advantage."

❀

M. Maeterlinck has just finished a new volume entitled *Un Album de Chansons*. The next number of THE BOOKMAN will contain a very interesting account of Maeterlinck's personality and of his home, written for our columns by Mme. Magdeleine Pidoux, the charming French essayist, whose acquaintance with Maeterlinck is of long standing.

❀

The circular sent out by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls in the interest of "Fonetik Refawrm," and noticed in the July number of THE BOOKMAN, has not been taken very seriously by any one, so far as we have observed; as, indeed, why should it? The *Sun* of this city suggests that if a simplified form of writing be desirable, we should all take to stenography at once, beside which the timid beginnings of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls certainly seem pale and ineffective.

❀

The circular informed us that should one hundred leading educators, authors, and journalists agree to adopt the proposed list of spellings, then Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls would at once introduce it into their various publications. Should they secure their hundred victims, we trust that we shall receive a list of their names. By the way, why stop short at the reform of our orthography? English orthography is, of course, very irregular and illogical, but so is the English language. Why does not the able Mr. Marsh, who is the linguistic sponsor of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, take this in hand? Just think, for instance, of all the irregular verbs upon which the babes and sucklings are continually stumbling. Why should we continue to say, "I go, I went, I have gone," when we could easily simplify matters by making it, "I go, I goed, I have goed"? Why not get a hundred leading educators, authors, and journalists to tackle this far greater and more glorious "refawrm"? Of course, some absurdly scientific person will say that the irregularities of the tongue are a part of its history, and are of the greatest value to the philologist, besides giving force and picturesqueness to the written and spoken language; but, then, this is also true of its irregular orthography. Persons who will persist in spelling and speaking as our ancestors have done, are quite capable of thinking the mountains and valleys of Switzerland (shockingly irregular affairs!) more beautiful than a nice, regular Kansas prairie. Why should any one consider their opinions? On with the "refawrm!"

❀

Some one should start a school for the instruction of authors and editors in the proper use of the auxiliaries "shall" and "will," for the knowledge of the distinction between them seems to be vanishing from the American people. Among authors, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is the worst offender in this respect, and we wonder that his sojourn at the Lehigh and Johns Hopkins Universities failed to effect a reform. A very bad instance was also lately seen in the letter addressed to the English public by the Cornell University Crew—a letter in which the misused "wills" gave a finishing touch to the lamentable story of the Henley race.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It must be admitted that the Cornell men suffered chiefly there for the sins of others—first, the blatant Courtney, who put heart into his crew by assuring them and every one else that they had not the ghost of a chance to win ; second, the absurd person named Francis, who made a spectacle of himself on two memorable occasions ; and, third, the English umpire, whom they innocently supposed to be a person set in authority over them, as is an umpire in this country. Incidentally the world had a chance to see displayed once more the delicate courtesy which Englishmen bestow upon defeated rivals, in the hooting and hissing with which the Cornell men were received at the finish of their race with Trinity Hall. English fair-play is a precious and proverbial thing, but it is evidently, like many other precious things, so limited in quantity as to be kept wholly for English use, and never by any chance wasted upon the pernicious foreigner. Thus when the *America* first won the famous cup, the English generously insinuated that she had won by concealed machinery ; and last year, when Mr. Gould's *Vigilant* lost her centreboard, the English press intimated that the accident had been carefully arranged.

❀

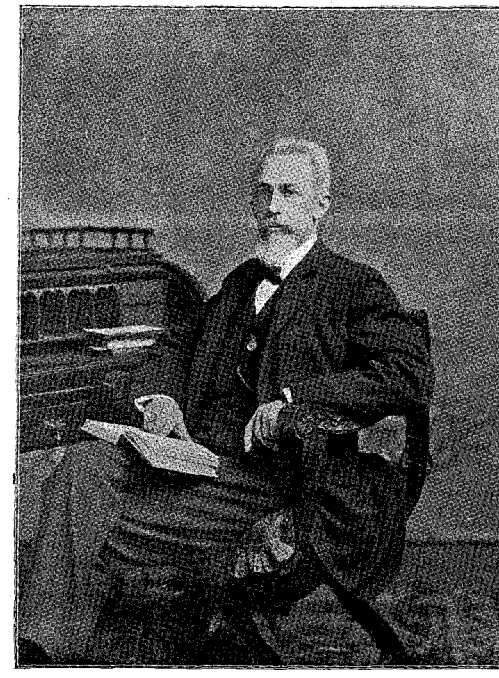
Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company will publish Mr. Stanley Weyman's new romance, *The Red Cockade*, on the first of December.

❀

It has been extensively rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine's new novel goes on a royalty of two shillings a copy into the hands of a publishing firm into which fresh energy has been lately infused. We understand that this is not the case, and that Mr. Hall Caine's next book will be published by his present English publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

❀

Professor Edward Dowden, whose notable book, *New Studies in Literature* has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, was born in 1843. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Vice-Chancellor's prizes for English verse and prose, and became first senior Moderator in Logic and Ethics, and finally Professor of English Literature. He is also a Cunningham Gold Medallist of the Royal Irish Academy, an Hon. LL.D. of Edinburgh University and Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford. In 1889 he became the first Taylorian Lecturer at Oxford,



EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., D.C.L.

and in 1893 was elected Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. Among his chief works are *Poems*, *Studies in Literature*, *Shakespeare—His Mind and Art*, and *The Life of Shelley*. He has also edited Shakespeare's sonnets, Southey's correspondence, and the poetical works of Shelley and of Wordsworth. As Vice-President of the Irish Unionist Alliance he has taken a national interest in Irish politics, and has strenuously opposed home rule.

❀

We understand that Mr. H. D. Lowry, the author of *Women's Tragedies*, has finished a novel, to which he has given the title *A Man of Moods*.

❀

Mrs. Margaret Deland, who is now in Europe, has been giving the finishing touches to a new novel.

❀

Mr. Robert H. Sherard, who writes the Paris Letter for THE BOOKMAN, is at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present engaged on a new story entitled *Uncle Christopher's Treasure*, which deals with the tribulations of a literary man under the most exceptional circumstances. The scene is laid in the former English province of Aquitaine, and bound up with the plot is a romantic love-story. The author hopes to demonstrate with this novel, as with his *Rogues* and *By Right, Not Law*, that analysis is not incompatible with popular interest. The book will be published in the autumn.

❀

In his new volume of reminiscences, reviewed on another page, the Rev. Harry Jones says that he observed that in his prison ministrations the book which was the favourite with the prisoners was Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*. It appears that its description of symptoms was prized as a scientific guide in the shamming of sickness which led to a relaxation of discipline. One day he was present at the convict choir rehearsal when the warden gave out the hymn,

> "Come let us join our cheerful songs
> With angels round the throne."

And, he adds, they joined in them with pathetic readiness. On the same day he was passing through the school of religious instruction, and as he listened to the adult scholars reading verse by verse a chapter from the Bible, he found, to his amazement, that it was that which describes the escape of Rahab the harlot from Jericho.

Mr. George Smith (of Smith, Elder and Company), "the Prince of Publishers," as Charles Reade is said to have described him, has in his possession many curious and valuable mementoes of distinguished authors. The entire manuscript of Browning's *Ring and the Book* was presented by the poet to his friend, Mrs. George Smith, and there is also the complete manuscript of *Jane Eyre*, which Mr. Smith brought home with him one memorable Saturday night, and became so fascinated with the story that he was unable to drop it until he had got to the end. The sketches by Thackeray and the page of manuscript of *Shirley* herewith reproduced are from the originals belonging to Mr. Smith.

❀

Apropos of Mr. Oxley Macdonald's article on "Rejected Addresses" in the present number, the following translation from the Chinese of a Celestial editor's rejection of a would-be contributor's manuscript may be of some interest: "Illustrious brother of the sun and moon: Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I kowtow to thee and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honoured manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled

CAPTAIN STEELE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant.—*The Editor.*"

❀

An aggrieved correspondent makes this query in a complaint to the London *Literary World* respecting a returned manuscript: "Whether it is not the last indignity a poor 'rejected' can suffer, whether it is not the mockery and outrage of autocratic power, a very impudent fillip of the nose from the Herod-seat of judgment, to return with printed slip a rejected address, and to include in the envelope a *catalogue of the old-established firm's publications!*"

Shirley

Vol. I.

Chap i.st

Levitical.

Of late years an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the North of England: they lie very thick on the hills, every parish has one or more of them, they are young enough to be very active and ought to be doing a great deal of good. But not of late years are we about to speak, we are going back to the beginning of this century: late years — present years are dusty, sunburnt, hot, arid; we will evade the noon, forget it in siesta, pass the midday in slumber and dream of dawn.

If you think, from this prelude, that anything like a romance is preparing for you — reader — you never were more mistaken. Do you anticipate sentiment and poetry and music? Do you expect passion and stimulus and melodrama? It is

❀

Fiona Macleod, the author of *The Mountain Lovers*, the latest Keynotes volume, is a genuine name, and not a pseudonym, as has been conjectured in some quarters. Fiona is the diminutive of Fionnaghal, the Gaelic equivalent of Flora. Miss Macleod is a native of the South Hebrides, where she passed her early years. She still spends part of the year in the Highlands of her native place and of Argyleshire, where the scenes of *The Mountain Lovers* are laid, and for the rest of the time she lives near Edinburgh. She is still quite young. *Pharais*, by the same author, will appear in a forthcoming issue of Messrs. Stone and Kimball's Green Tree Library.

❀

With the July number of the *Windsor Magazine* there begins a rambling *causerie*, by Anthony Hope, under the caption, "The Fly on the Wheel." One naturally thinks of "Without Prejudice" in the *Pall Mall*, and of "The Book Hunter" in the *Idler*, but there is something in the vivacity and sparkle of Mr. Hawkins's style, as well as in the substance of his chatter, which differentiates him from either Zangwill or Alden. It is the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* we have here, catching up the flotsam and jetsam on the gay surface of society's stream, and making merry with its quips and cranks and foibles. As an example we give this fantasy of "Cupid and the Census Man."

❀

Cupid had tried hard to escape, for, above all things in heaven and earth, he hates having to give an account of himself. But the Census man was very determined, and ran him to earth in Lalage's drawing-room, a place which he knew very well, and where he had always been most kindly received. The Census man came straight at him with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a large sheet of paper, printed in many columns, a portable inkstand and a quill pen.

"Age, please?" said the Census man.

"I don't know," said Cupid. "Until you've settled the age of the world, you see, I can hardly tell."

"But," expostulated the Census man, "you don't look more than a few years old."

"I seldom last more than that, you see," said Cupid.

"Shall we say three years?"

"If you like. It's rather long."

"And now let us pass on—"

"It's a thing I'm very apt to do," interrupted Cupid.

"To the next head."

"You mean heart," murmured Cupid.

"What is your Profession?"

"My Professions are unlimited," said Cupid.

"But you can't practise an unlimited—"

"Of course not; I only promise."

"Really, you must be more precise," sighed the Census man. "Now, what am I to enter you as, Mr. Cupid?"

Cupid thought for a moment, playing with his sheaf of arrows.

"Shall we say a General Dealer?" he suggested.

"Capital!" cried the Census man, putting it down.

"Though," added Cupid, "I am also a Solicitor."

"Qualified?" asked the Census man, suspiciously.

"I have been admitted many times," smiled Cupid. "I am also a dancing-master, and I am instrumental in getting up a great many bazaars, picnics, and other entertainments."

"You must be very busy," observed the Census man, writing hard.

"What's the next question?" asked Cupid, smiling again.

"Your Persuasion, Mr. Cupid?"

"Irresistible," answered Cupid.

"I have never heard of that sect," objected the Census man.

"Of course, if you're only to put down what you happen to have heard of—" began Cupid sarcastically.

"I beg your pardon, sir. See, it is down—'Irresistible.' And now, sir—"

But at this moment Lalage entered. Cupid strung his bow, and the Census man forgot his business; so that the return remains incomplete.

Joseph Conrad, the author of *Almayer's Folly* (reviewed in this number), is a Pole by birth. He is a young man, who some years ago entered the English mercantile service. It was during his voyages as a sea-captain that he gained the knowledge of Malay life which is shown in his novel. He is also well acquainted with the Congo district and with other parts of Africa.

❀

The new story which Sir Walter Besant has written for publication in *Chambers's Journal* in the early part of the new year is to be entitled *The Master Craftsman*. It will be published in book form on the first of May.

❀

Pierre Loti's new book, *La Galilée*, was begun as a *feuilleton* in the Paris *Figaro* of July 3d.

❀

M. Henri Rochefort has just written a short novel, entitled *L'Aurore Boréale*.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day believe that they have discovered a new poet. For twenty years he has been writing poetry, and but few of his friends have been aware of the fact. During that time he has written only some forty poems, all of which, however, are said to be polished and finished gems of literature. They remind one of the manner of Herrick and Crashaw. The new poet, we may say, is a successful man of business and a noted athlete.

❀

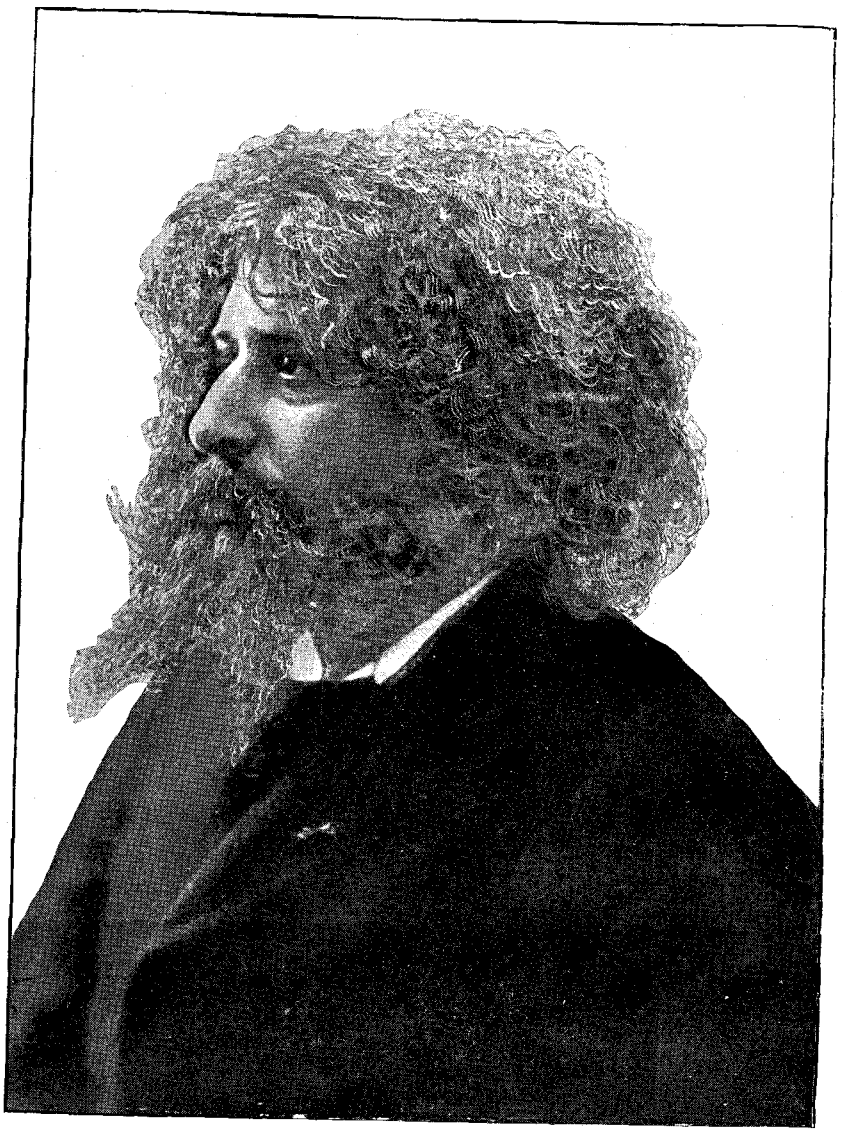
The same publishers will issue soon *The Child in the House*, by Walter Pater, which was originally printed privately in England at the Daniel Press, Oxford. There were 350 copies of the English edition, which were sold at two guineas each. The same quantity has been printed by Messrs. Copeland and Day on specially manufactured paper, and the price is only $1.50. The American edition, it seems to us, is superior in the finish of its general form and style to the English edition. We are pleased to hear that Miss Alice Brown's volume of New England stories, entitled *Meadow-Grass*, published recently by this firm, is meeting with a wide appreciation.

❀

M. Alphonse Daudet has little sympathy with the "New Woman" and her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspirations. "I do not see," he said to Mr. Sherard recently, "what woman will gain by this enfranchisement. *Zut!* if a woman wishes to imitate man! A woman, to my thinking, can never be womanly enough. Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all a woman's faults. All the women that I have loved and admired have been womanly women. This movement," he continued, "is one of the bad things which have come to us from America. The 'New Woman' is, however, unlikely, *Dieu merci!* to find many disciples in France. France would else have to be radically transformed. Some attempts were made in that direction. Some schools were opened where male education, even male dress, was given to girls. But it was all a failure. *Et Dieu merci!*"



M. ALPHONSE DAUDET.

❀

The much-discussed "Victoria Cross" of *The Yellow Book* is a Miss Vivien Cory. She lives in the country near London, and spends so much time in writing that she has no leisure left to read anything but a little Latin, chiefly Ovid, from which she draws her inspiration. She was led to adopt her *nom de plume* because her initials are V. C., and also by the fact that she is the descendant of a V. C. Roberts Brothers will publish shortly a novel by her, entitled *A Woman Who Did Not*, in the Keynotes Series.

❀

Some of the characterisations of certain popular authors who were present at the Besant Banquet a few weeks ago, as reported in the London *Literary World*, are rather sprightly and sugges-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive. Madame Sarah Grand is described as "sphinx-like and handsome, the champion of women;" while her domestic antithesis, Miss Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), is presented as "a picture of health, goodness, and commonsense." We have "Mr. Austin Dobson, with his kindly, good-humoured face and meditative grey eyes;" Mr. Israel Zangwill, "sardonic and unfathomable;" and Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the *North American Review* and *The Youth's Companion* (who was then in London), with "healthy, fresh-coloured face, full of a strange mixture of alertness and reserve strength." Mr. Hall Caine "uniquely interesting, with his striking appearance has a fine, old-fashioned courtesy," we learn, "towards all who ask to be introduced to him;" while Mr. Barrie "has a shy dislike to being introduced to strangers, and is apt to run away almost immediately after an introduction has been effected."

❀

The Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is spending the early part of his summer vacation in Switzerland. Afterward he will visit Logiealmond, in order to revive his memory of the scenes of Drumtochty.

❀

Mr. Watson's new Drumtochty volume, containing the rest of his Scottish stories, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in October. It will be entitled *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

❀

The same publishers have in preparation Mr. Watson's *A Doctor of the Old School*, to be illustrated with numerous drawings made among the scenes whence Ian Maclaren drew his inspiration. This ought to make a book of permanent value and perennial interest, for Dr. MacLure is the finest portrait in the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, and the chapters describing his strenuous life are worthy to rank with the masterpieces of Scottish literature.

❀

"We drove to Ballaglass Glen," writes a visitor to the Isle of Man recently, "passing various scenes on the way which figure in *The Manxman*. After a day or two, we all found ourselves actually talking of the people in *The Manxman* as if they really existed. We passed the ivy-clad church where Kate and Pete were married, the house where Philip stayed with his aunt, the mill of Cæsar Cregeen, the deserted tholthans, the inns, the cottages, where hosts of characters dwelt and had their being. No one said, 'The imaginary characters in *The Manxman* do this, that, and the other.' It was: 'Here is Kate's glen, where she sang; this is where Cæsar's Melliah supper was held; this is Pete's house.' Mr. Hall Caine, our host (he wore a rough tweed knickerbocker suit, and broad-brimmed, picturesque hat), strode on with untiring steps, or bareheaded, beneath the trees of Ballaglass, watched the darting trout in the pools, the sunbeams playing on the rocks, the white sheen of the water as it fell and sparkled and flashed and sang upon its way. His eyes, full of genial mirth or haunting melancholy, held one; his rich, deep, musical voice mingled with the sound of the flowing waters, and interpreted their song, or, as we drove through the quiet twilight, told us old tales of the ancient Manx kings, their feudal powers and privileges."

❀

Lovers of that delightful book, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, must have often felt the need of a final edition, and this, we may venture to say, promises to be attained by the handsome, illustrated work, in two volumes, which Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are preparing for publication in the autumn. Mr. John Burroughs has written a pleasant introduction (and no better man could be found to write *con amore* with the subject), and the numerous illustrations, full page and vignette, have been beautifully reproduced from photographs of the local scenery described in the *Natural History* taken by Clifton Johnson, who visited the places expressly for that purpose.

❀

It is refreshing to be able to announce three works of fiction by American writers which are believed to possess sterling qualities of literary workmanship and strength of imagination. *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane, will show that intrepid and eccentric young genius in a new light; *In Defiance of the King* is a romance of the American Revolution, by Chauncey C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotchkiss, a new writer, who, like Mr. Crane, has served an apprenticeship in journalism, and is a resident of New York, and whose conscientious and painstaking habits of writing recall Stanley Weyman's similar industrious manner; and *Stone Pastures*, by "Eleanor Stuart," the *nom de plume* of a New York lady, whose real name would attract attention instantly, is said to breathe the rustic air of Mr. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

❀

These three novels will be published shortly by the Messrs. Appleton, who will also issue Bram Stoker's story, *The Watter's Mou*, which was published in England in the spring, and which we referred to as an interesting work in an early number of THE BOOKMAN. By the way, Flaubert's *Life and Correspondence*, which was to appear from the press of this firm in August, may not be expected now until September.

❀

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have in preparation an edition of Thomas Hood's weird poem, *The Haunted House*, for which Mr. Herbert Railton is supplying the illustrations, and Mr. Austin Dobson is writing an introduction. It will be published in America by the Messrs. Putnam.

❀

It may not be generally known that the story of Enoch Arden, as it stands in the poem, is in every detail a true one. It was related to Lord Tennyson by the late Mr. Woolner, the well-known sculptor, whose widow has the manuscript of the story still in her possession.

❀

Lilian Whiting's volume of collected poems, already announced for publication by Roberts Brothers, is to be called *From Dreamland Sent*. It is perhaps not known that Miss Whiting was started in her literary career by Mr. William Penn Nixon, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, to which paper she has since been a regular correspondent.

❀

An intimate friend of Thomas Hardy further confirms the impression made by *Hearts Insurgent* as it is appearing piecemeal in *Harper's*, that the story has undergone severe editing. Mr. Hardy is reported as saying that the novel as it went from his pen has been so carved and emasculated in the interest of magazine proprieties that when it appears in its original form as a book it will have the effect of quite a new work.

❀

Five years ago the Italian novelist Giovanni Verga was introduced to the American public through a translation of *The House by the Medlar Tree*, for which Mr. W. D. Howells wrote an appreciative foreword. The chaste simplicity and sincerity and the delicacy and refinement of feeling which pervades the story attracted wide attention among those who welcome fiction in its highest forms. These readers will be pleased to learn that the Joseph Knight Company are about to publish a volume of short stories, by the same author, with the title *Under the Shadow of Ætna*. The translation has been done by Nathan Haskell Dole, whose charming work on *A Madonna of the Alps* is commended on another page.

❀

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods has almost completed her new novel, *John the Beloved*. We have read the first part in manuscript, and can speak highly of the work; indeed, it will be strange if Miss Woods's performance does not take rank above anything we have seen in fiction dealing with the life and times of the Messiah. *John the Beloved* may best be described briefly as an attempt to do in literature what Hofmann has done in painting; or, as one has put it, to "depolarise" the life of the Christ, and make people realise that He actually was a man, and not what Zangwill flippantly calls "a semi-divine personage."

❀

The English BOOKMAN once invited an author, who is both journalist and novelist, to tell its readers how he worked. His reply was the following, scribbled on a crumpled piece of paper, which had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.	Fiction.
2 pipes, 1 hour.	8 pipes, 1 ounce.
2 hours, 1 idea.	7 ounces, 1 week.
1 idea, 3 pars.	2 weeks, 1 chap.
3 pars, 1 leader.	20 chaps, 1 pen.
	2 pens, 1 novel.

❀

The paper read before a meeting in London of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland last April by Mr. William Heinemann, the first part of which is printed under The Book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mart, ought to receive the serious attention of all who are interested in bookselling, especially in view of the agitation which has been caused recently by the action of certain well-known booksellers in retailing books at "cut rates." Mr. Heinemann is one of London's younger publishers, and his rapid rise in what he considers to be the most ennobling business of all entitles his helpful and salutary words to a careful consideration.

POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE.

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

The Poe cottage, at Fordham, about which so much has been written in prose and verse, has been bought by the

POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE.
From a new photograph.

Shakespeare Society of New York, and will be preserved as a literary landmark. This will be welcome news, not only in America but in Europe as well—for the admirers of Edgar Allan Poe are world-wide.

Very little is known of the Poe cottage before his connection with it. It is a very old building, but how old no one knows. It became the home of the poet in the spring of 1846, and here he lived most of the time until his death in October, 1849.

The cottage is located on the Kingsbridge Road, at the top of Fordham Hill, now in the recently annexed district of New York City. Although small and old, it is hardly the forlorn affair that it is generally described to be. It has been poorly cared for in recent years, but it has nevertheless a cozy, pleasant, home-like atmosphere about it. It stands with its gable end to the street, a broad, covered porch extending along the entire front. The outside of the building, instead of being clap-boarded, is shingled, as was largely the custom in the early days in which it was built.

At the left of the little hallway as one enters is a small, old-fashioned, winding staircase to the rooms above. This hallway leads directly to the main room of the house—a good-sized, cheerful apartment, with four windows, two opening on the porch, and between which stood the poet's table, at which much of his reading and editorial work was done. In the little sleeping-room on the left, toward the street, Virginia Poe was sick and died. At the head of the narrow stairway is a low attic room where Poe had his meagre library, and in the seclusion of which he did his more ambitious work. This room is lighted by tiny-paned windows, and the sloping sides of the roof are so near the floor that one can barely stand erect in the room. Here Poe elaborated the musical "Bells," the pathetic "Annabel Lee," the weird "Ullalume," the enigmatic "Eureka," and some of his most famous short stories.

The homes of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and those of many other famous American men of letters have been preserved, and will, no doubt, be saved for many generations to come. It is fortunate, indeed, that the humble home of Poe has been snatched from the hand of the destroyer, which has so long threatened it. The day is not far distant when these literary landmarks will be among the choicest possessions of the American people.

Fred. M. Hopkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY B. FULLER.

AUTHOR OF "THE CLIFF DWELLERS," "WITH THE PROCESSION," ETC.

Henry B. Fuller was born in Chicago, where his father and grandfather had lived. The family removed from Massachusetts to Illinois when the author's father was a boy, and the great city now lying along Lake Michigan was a village, over which the shadow of an Indian massacre still hung. His father and grandfather were merchants of the highest social and commercial standing, and the fortunes of the Fuller family prospered as the town grew.

When this son of the third generation in Chicago came to manhood, he should, in the usual order of things, have followed his immediate ancestors in a mercantile career. There seems, in fact, to have been no other thought in his own mind, as he went into an office soon after his graduation from the Chicago High School. From this trial of business life came, no doubt, the knowledge of local commercial methods, which he uses to such advantage in his later novels. But no counting-house could long confine a creative imagination such as his, and some potent drop of the blood of Margaret Fuller may have been at work—for he comes from the same stock. At all events, the outward seeming of Mr. Fuller's early experience is the familiar story of the inevitable resistance of the artistic temperament to the uncongenial—a story as old as art itself. Turning from distasteful employment, he went abroad while still very young to study music, intending presumably to adopt it as a profession. This purpose was subsequently abandoned, but he became meanwhile an accomplished

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musician, and has written—rumour says—the score of an opera or two.

At what time he began to write fiction he himself could perhaps hardly tell. Hints are given by the few among his friends who know him intimately of poems that were lost and sketches that never saw the light; but the only well-authenticated fact is that his first novel, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, was written while Mr. Fuller was still engaged in commercial pursuits. The manuscript lay long unpublished. The publishers did not understand it; a subtle something in it apparently eluded their too solid grasp, as the personality of the author eludes casual acquaintance. And when the book finally came out in Boston, it was in a small, experimental way, and under typographical disadvantages. Moreover, in this first edition "Stanton Page" was given as the name of the writer, and the work was not known to be Mr. Fuller's until some time after its publication. At length, however, the little volume fell under the eyes of Professor Norton, who sent it one Christmas to Mr. Lowell, saying he thought it was something that he would like. Mr. Lowell liked it so much that he sought out the author with words of praise which must have given the encouragement needed by a conscientious writer. In 1892 the book, revised and enlarged, was reproduced by the Century Company, and the author then came for the first time fairly before the public.

Mr. Fuller's second story, *The Chatelaine of La Trinité*, appeared as a serial in the *Century* during the same year—1892—and has all the general characteristics, all the poetic grace of the first; but his third novel, *The Cliff Dwellers*, bears scarcely a trace of resemblance to the foregoing. This story ran serially in *Harper's Weekly* in 1893, while the gaze of the world was fixed on Chicago, "that immense and complicated place, capable of yielding an infinity of cross-sections," which it describes. With almost its first line there is an abrupt departure from the author's former manner; a change from dreamy idealism to vigilant realism, as startling as though the roll of alarm drums had suddenly succeeded to the music of lutes. In *With the Procession*, however, Mr. Fuller's fourth and latest story, there is a modification of this severity. The realism is no less unswerving than before, but with it is a finer intellectual and artistic quality than may be found in his preceding books, or in any other American work of its kind. Mr. Fuller has, in fact, come very near to writing a very great novel. The story is a study of local civilisation. The characters with a solitary exception are the products of their environment. A native, the author looks at the situation from the inside; a traveller, who knows Europe as well as his own country, he treats it "without the dwarfing provincialism that comes from a settled home;" an artist, he paints from this broad double point of view, and the picture thus created cannot fail to exert an influence greater than itself—as happens now and then with a work of art. One thing only mars the impartiality of the portrayal. This is a comparison maintained throughout the book between European and American civilisations, with a bias in favour of the European, which the story's illustrations of it scarcely justify. The author may not have been conscious of his own attitude, or he may mean to make amends in another novel dealing with some more favourable aspect of local civilisation or of national life. For Mr. Fuller is young—yet under forty—and such creative faculty as his, such profound knowledge of human nature, and such close observation of social conditions at home and abroad can scarcely have found full and satisfying expression in two or three books.

This vein of comparative criticism is sustained at first hand by the author himself, and also by Truesdale Marshall, a young Chicagoan who returns home with a predilection for Europe. The contrast between Truesdale and his indigenous elder brother is of the subtlest, and a certain scene in which they are the actors is unsurpassed in modern fiction. The strife between them is not a mere encounter of two angry men; it is a conflict of two worlds. All the other characters are drawn with the same fine etching pencil—just a little larger than life. Mr. Fuller deals with types rather than with individuals, and thus awakens expectation that he may give us in time a novel more national in character than our literature has yet produced.

Humour is hardly a characteristic of any of his work, and scarcely a gleam of it sweetens this latest book; but there is wit blazing on almost every page in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flashes that dazzle and sometimes scorch. And certainly there can be no question of the brilliancy of his style, or that Mr. Fuller's art has a high technical value apart from everything else. Its most conspicuous qualities are clearness, keenness, fineness, and force. But he may be warned of the peril of too rapid writing; for in his two last novels—notably in the latest—there is a certain disturbing stress, as though the writing had been done under great nervous pressure, with insufficient time or an overmastering passion for the work itself. It is to be regretted that so artistic a book should be wholly a work of disintegration, of discontent and despair; that its final effect, by reason of its greater power, should be but an intensification of the depression produced by nearly all realistic novels of the day. If these books are—as the apostles of this school believe—the truest and the best pictures of our life, then the national outlook is gloomy indeed. But many earnest thinkers, both writers and readers, do not believe these dark pictures to be the truest and the best that can be made. They claim that there is as much good as evil in American life, and that one is as susceptible of realistic portrayal as the other. They hold that realism should sometimes at least bring forth a work based upon the hopefulness, the nobility, the beauty, and the peace of human life.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE WATCHER.

At his window in the wall,
Where the mottled moonbeams fall,
Sits the watcher, all in white,
Sleepless through the sleeping night;
While the turning heavens swim,
And the distant stars are dim,
And he hears the solemn swell
Of the ivy-steepled bell.

Now he sees the creeping mist,
Palely, powdered amethyst,
And the fire-fly's flitting spark,
Where the shadows cluster dark;
Through the moonlight, far away,
Hears the watch-dog's mellowed bay,
And the rumble of a train—
Then the echoes sleep again.

With unseeing eyes he sees
Mist, and moon, and brooding trees,
And the drowsy sounds he hears
Fall unheeded on his ears,
While he longs in hopeless pain
For the dreams of youth again,
And the tolling of the bell
Deepens sadly to a knell.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION.

I.

The craft of the writer consists, I am convinced, in manipulating the contents of his reader's mind, that is to say, taken from the technical as distinguished from the psychologic, side in construction. Construction is not only a matter of single words or sentences, but of whole large passages and divisions; and the material which the writer manipulates is not only the single impressions, single ideas and emotions, stored up in the reader's mind, and deposited there by no act of his own; but those very moods and trains of thought into which the writer, by his skilful selection of words and sentences, has grouped those single impressions, those very moods and trains of thought which were determined by the writer himself.

We have all read Mr. Stevenson's *Catriona*. Early in that book there is a passage by which I can illustrate my meaning. It is David Balfour's walk to Pilrig:

> "My way led over Mouter's Hill, and through an end of a clachan on the braeside among fields. There was a whirr of looms in it went from house to house; bees hummed in the gardens; the neighbours that I saw at the doorsteps talked in a strange tongue; and I found out later that this was Picardy, a village where the French weavers wrought for the Linen Company. Here I got a fresh direction for Pilrig, my destination; and a little beyond, on the wayside, came by a gibbet and two men hanged in chains. They were dipped in tar, as the manner is; the wind span them, the chains clattered, and the birds hung about the uncanny jumping-jacks and cried."

This half-page sounds as if it were an integral part of the story, one of the things which happened to the gallant but judicious David Balfour. But in my opinion it is not such a portion of the story, not an episode told for its own sake, but a qualifier of something else; in fact, nothing but an adjective on a large scale.

Let us see. The facts of the case are these: David Balfour, having at last, after the terrible adventures recorded in *Kidnapped*, been saved from his enemies and come into his lawful property, with a comfortable life before him and no reason for disquietude, determines to come forward as a witness in favour of certain Highlanders, whom it is the highest interest of the Government to put to death, altogether irrespective of whether or not they happen to be guilty in the matter about which they are accused. In order to offer his testimony in what he imagines to be the most efficacious manner, David Balfour determines to seek an interview with the Lord Advocate of Scotland; and he is now on his way to his cousin of Pilrig to obtain a letter from him for the terrible head of the law. Now if David Balfour actually has to be sent to Pilrig for the letter of introduction to the Lord Advocate, then his walk to Pilrig is an intrinsic portion of the story, and what happened to him on his walk cannot be considered save as an intrinsic portion also. This would be true enough if we were considering what actually could or must happen to a real David Balfour in a real reality, not what Stevenson wants us to think did happen to an imaginary David Balfour. If a real David Balfour was destined, through the concatenation of circumstances, to walk from Edinburgh to Pilrig by that particular road on that particular day; why, he was destined also—and could not escape his destiny—to come to the gibbet where, on that particular day, along that particular road, those two malefactors were hanging in chains.

But even supposing that Stevenson had been bound, for some reason, to make David Balfour take that particular day the particular walk which must have brought him past that gibbet; Stevenson would still have been perfectly free to omit all mention of his seeing that gibbet, as he evidently omitted mentioning a thousand other things which David Balfour must have seen and done in the course of his adventures, because the sight of that gibbet in no way affected the course of the events which Stevenson had decided to relate, any more than the quality of the porridge which David had eaten that morning. And, as it happens, moreover, the very fact of David Balfour having walked that day along that road, and of the gibbet having been there, is, as we know, nothing but a make-believe on Stevenson's part, and so there can have been no destiny at all about it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Therefore, I say that this episode, which leads to no other episode, is not an integral part of the story, but a qualifier, an adjective. It acts, not upon what happens to the hero, but on what is felt by the reader. Again, let us look into the matter. This beginning of the story is, from the nature of the facts, rather empty of tragic events; yet tragic events are what Stevenson wishes us to live through. There is something humdrum in those first proceedings of David Balfour's, which are to lead to such hairbreadth escapes. There is something not heroic enough in a young man, however heroic his intentions, going to ask for a letter of introduction to a Lord Advocate. But what can be done? If adventures are invented to fill up these first chapters, these adventures will either actually lead to something which will complicate a plot already quite as complicated as Stevenson requires, or—which is even worse—they will come to nothing, and leave the reader disappointed, incredulous, unwilling to attend further after having wasted expectations and sympathies. Here comes in the admirable invention of the gibbet. The gibbet is, so to speak, the shadow of coming events cast over the smooth earlier chapters of the book. With its grotesque and ghastly vision, it puts the reader in the state of mind desired: it means tragedy. "I was pleased," goes on David Balfour, "to be so far in the still countryside; but the shackles of the gibbet clattered in my head. . . . There might David Balfour hang, and other lads pass on their errands, and think light of him." Here the reader is not only forcibly reminded that the seemingly trumpery errand of this boy will lead to terrible dangers; but he is made to feel, by being told that David felt (which perhaps at that moment David, accustomed to the eighteenth-century habit of hanging petty thieves along the roadside might not)—by being told that David felt, the ghastliness of that encounter.

And then note how this qualifier, this adjectival episode, is itself qualified. It is embedded in impressions of peacefulness: the hill-side, the whirr of looms and hum of bees, and talk of neighbours on doorsteps; nay, Stevenson has added a note which increases the sense of peacefulness by adding an element of unconcern, of foreignness, such as we all find adds so much to the peaceful effect of travel, in the fact that the village was inhabited by strangers—Frenchmen—to whom David Balfour and the Lord Advocate and the Appin murder would never mean anything. Had the gibbet been on the Edinburgh Grassmarket, and surrounded by people commenting on Highland disturbances, we should have expected some actual adventure for David Balfour; but the gibbet there, in the fields, by this peaceful foreign settlement, merely puts our mind in the right frame to be moved by the adventures which will come slowly in their due time.

This is a masterpiece of constructive craft: the desired effect is obtained without becoming involved in other effects not desired, without any debts being made with the reader; even as in the case of the properly chosen single adjective, which defines the meaning of the noun in just the desired way, without suggesting any further definition in the wrong way.

Construction—that is to say, co-ordination. It means finding out what is important and unimportant, what you can afford and cannot afford to do. It means thinking out the results of every movement you set up in the reader's mind, how that movement will work into, help, or mar the other movements which you have set up there already, or which you will require to set up there in the future. For, remember, such a movement does not die out at once. It continues and unites well or ill with its successors, as it has united well or ill with its predecessors. You must remember that in every kind of literary composition, from the smallest essay to the largest novel, you are perpetually, as in a piece of music, introducing new *themes*, and working all the themes into one another. A theme may be a description, a line of argument, a whole personage; but it always represents, on the part of the reader, a particular kind of intellectual acting and being, a particular kind of mood. Now, these moods, being concatenated in their progression, must be constantly altered by the other moods they meet; they can never be quite the same the second time they appear as the first, nor the third as the second; they must have been varied, and they ought to have been strengthened or made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more subtle by the company they have kept, by the things they have elbowed, and been — however unconsciously — compared and contrasted with; they ought to have become more satisfactory to the writer as a result of their stay in the reader's mind.

A few very simple rules might be made, so simple as to sound utterly childish; yet how many writers observe them?

Do not, if you want Tom to seem a villain, put a bigger villain, Dick, by his side; but if, for instance, like Tolstoy, you want Anatole to be the trumpery wicked Don Juan, put a grand, brilliant, intrepid Don Juan—Dologhow—to reduce him to vulgar proportions. Do not, again, break off in the midst of some event, unless you wish that event to become important in the reader's mind and to react on future events; if, for some reason, you have brought a mysterious stranger forward, but do not wish anything to come of his mysteriousness, be sure you strip off his mystery as prosaically as you can, before leaving him. And, of course, *vice versa*.

I have compared literary themes to musical ones. The novel may be considered as a gigantic symphony, opera, or oratorio, with a whole orchestra. The essay is a little sonata, trio, sometimes a mere little song. But even in a song, how many melodic themes, harmonic arrangements, accents, and so forth! I could wish young writers, if they have any ear, to unravel the parts of a fugue, the themes of a Beethoven sonata. By analogy, they would learn a great many things.

Leaving such learning by musical analogy alone, I have sometimes recommended to young writers that they should draw diagrams, or rather *maps*, of their essays or stories. This is, I think, a very useful practice, not only for diminishing faults of construction in the individual story or essay, but, what is more important, for showing the young writer what amount of progress he is making and to what extent he is becoming a craftsman. Every one will probably find his own kind of map or diagram. The one I have made use of to explain the meaning to some of my friends is as follows: Make a stroke with your pen which represents the first train of thought or mood, or the first group of facts you deal with. Then make another pen-stroke to represent the second, which shall be proportionately long or short according to the number of words or pages occupied, and which, connected with the first pen-stroke, as one articulation of a reed is with another, will deflect to the right or the left according as it contains more or less new matter; so that, if it grow insensibly from stroke number one, it will have to be almost straight, and if it contain something utterly disconnected, will be at right angles. Go on adding pen-strokes for every new train of thought, or mood, or group of facts, and writing the name along each, and being careful to indicate not merely the angle of divergence, but the respective length in lines. And then look at the whole map. If the reader's mind is to run easily along the whole story or essay, and to perceive all through the necessary connection between the parts, the pattern you will have traced will approximate most likely to a perfect circle or ellipse, the conclusion re-uniting with the beginning as in a perfect logical exposition; and the various pen-strokes, taking you gradually round this circle or ellipse, will correspond in length very exactly to the comparative importance or complexity of the matter to dispose of. But in proportion as the things have been made a mess of, the pattern will tend to the shapeless; the lines, after infinite tortuosities, deflections to the right and to the left, immense bends, sharp angles and bags of all sorts, will probably end in a pen-stroke at the other end of the paper, as far off as possible from the beginning. All this will mean that you have lacked general conception of the subject, that the connection between what you began and what you ended with is arbitrary or accidental, instead of being logical and organic. It will mean that your mind has been rambling, and that you have been making the reader's mind ramble hopelessly, in all sorts of places you never intended; that you have wasted his time and strength and attention, like a person pretending to know his way in an intricate maze of streets, but not really knowing which turning to take. Every one of those sharp angles has meant a lack of connection, every stroke returning back upon itself a useless digression, every loop an unnecessary reiteration; and the entire shapelessness of your diagram has represented the atrocious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact that the reader, while knowing what you have been talking about, has not known why you have been talking about it—and is, but for a number of random pieces of information which he must himself re-arrange, no wiser than when you began.

What will this lead to? What will it make the reader expect? What will it actually bring the reader's mind to? This is the meaning of the diagrams. For, remember, in literature all depends on what you can set the reader to do; if you confuse his ideas or waste his energy, you can no longer do anything.

I mentioned just now that in a case of bad construction the single items might be valuable, but that the reader was obliged to re-arrange them. Such re-arrangement is equivalent to re-writing the book; and, if any one is to do that, it had better not be the reader, surely, but rather a more competent writer. When the badly arranged items are themselves good, one sometimes feels a mad desire to hand them over thus to some one else. It is like good food badly cooked. I think I have scarcely ever been so tormented with the desire to get a story re-written by some competent person, or even to rewrite it myself, as in the case of one of the little volumes of the Pseudonym Series, a story called *A Mystery of the Campagna*. I should like every young writer to read it, as a perfect model of splendid material, imaginative and emotional, of notions and descriptions worthy of Merimée (who would have worked them into a companion piece to the wonderful *Venus d'Ille*), presented in such a way as to give the minimum of interest with the maximum of fatigue. It is a thing to make one cry merely to think of; such a splendid invention, such deep contagious feeling for the uncanny solemnity, the deathly fascination of the country about Rome, worked up in a way which leaves no clear impression at all, or, if any, an impression of trivial student restaurant life.

One of the chief defects of this unlucky little book of genius is that a story of about a hundred pages is narrated by four or five different persons, none of whom has any particular individuality, or any particular reason to be telling the story at all. The result is much as if you were to be made to hear a song in fragments, fragments helter-skelter, the middle first and beginning last, played on different instruments. A similar fault of construction, you will remember, makes the beginning of one of our greatest masterpieces of passion and romance, *Wuthering Heights*, exceedingly difficult to read. As if the step-relations and adopted relations in the story were not sufficiently puzzling, Emily Brontë gave the narrative to several different people, at several different periods, people alternating what they had been told with what they actually witnessed. This kind of construction was a fault, if not of Emily Brontë's own time, at least of the time in which many of the books which had impressed her most had been written, notably Hoffman's, from whose *Majorat* she borrowed much for *Wuthering Heights*. It is historically an old fault for the same reason which makes it a fault with beginners, namely, that it is undoubtedly easier to narrate in the first person, or as an eye-witness, and that it is easier to co-ordinate three or four sides of an event by boxing them mechanically as so many stories one in the other, than to arrange the various groups of persons and acts as in real life, and to change the point of view of the reader from one to the other. These mechanical divisions also seem to give the writer courage: it is like the series of ropes which takes away the fear of swimming: one thinks one might always catch hold of one of them, but, meanwhile, one usually goes under water all the same. I have no doubt that most of the stories which we have all written between the ages of fifteen and twenty were either in the autobiographical or the epistolary form, that they had introduction set in introduction like those of Scott, that they shifted narrator as in *Wuthering Heights*, and altogether reproduced, in their immaturity, the forms of an immature period of novel-writing, just as Darwinians tell us that the feet and legs of babies reproduce the feet and legs of monkeys. For, difficult as it is to realise, the apparently simplest form of construction is by far the most difficult; and the straightforward narrative of men and women's feelings and passions, of anything save their merest outward acts; the narrative which makes the thing pass naturally before the reader's mind, is by far the most difficult, as it is the most perfect. You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will remember that *Julie* and *Clarissa* are written in letters, *Werther* and *Adolphe* as confessions with postscripts; nay, that even Homer and the *Arabian Nights* cannot get along save on a system of narrative within narrative; so long does it take to get to the straightforward narrative of Thackeray, let alone that of Tolstoy. For a narrative may be in the third person, and may leave out all mention of eye-witness narration, and yet be far from what I call straightforward. Take, for instance, the form of novel adopted by George Eliot in *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch*, *Deronda*—in all save her masterpiece, which has the directness of an autobiography—*The Mill on the Floss*. This form I should characterise as that of *the novel built up in scenes*, and it is well worth your notice because it is more or less the typical form of the English three-volume novel. It represents a compromise with that difficult thing, straightforward narrative; and the autobiographical, the epistolary, the narration-within-narration dodges have merely been replaced by another dodge for making things easier for the writer and less efficacious for the reader, the dodge of arranging the matter as much as possible as in a play, with narrative or analytic connecting links. By this means a portion of the story is given with considerable efficacy; the dialogue and gesture, so to speak, are made as striking as possible; in fact, we get all the apparent lifelikeness of a play. I say the *apparent* lifelikeness, because a play is in reality excessively unlifelike, owing to the necessity of things, which could not have happened together, being united in time and place; to quantities of things being said which never could have been said nor even thought; to scenes being protracted, rendered explicit and decisive far beyond possibility, merely because of other scenes (if we may call them scenes), the hundred other fragments of speech and fragments of action which really made the particular thing happen, having to be left out. This is a necessity on the stage because the scene cannot be changed sufficiently often, and because you cannot let people remain for an instant without talking either to some one else or to themselves. But this necessity, when applied to a novel, actually mars the action, and, what is worse, alters the conception of the action, for the form in which any story is told inevitably reacts on the matter.

Take *Adam Bede*. The hero is supposed to be exceedingly reserved, more than reserved, one of those strenuous natures which cannot express their feelings even to themselves, and run away and hide in a hole whenever they do know themselves to be feeling. But, owing to the division of the book into scenes, and connecting links between the scenes, one has the impression of Adam Bede, perpetually *en scène*, with appropriate background of carpenter's shop or wood, and a chorus of village rustics; Adam Bede always saying something or doing something, talking to his dog, shouldering his tools, eating his breakfast, in such a way that the dullest spectators may recognise what he is feeling and thinking. Now, to make an inexplicit personage always explain himself is only equalled by making an unanalytical person perpetually analyse himself; and, by the system of scenes, by having to represent the personage walking immersed in thoughts, hurrying along full of conflicting feelings, this is the very impression which we get, on the contrary, about Arthur and Hetty, whose misfortunes were certainly not due to over-much introspection.

Now you will mark that this division into scenes and connecting links occurs very much less in modern French novels: in them, indeed, when a scene is given, it is because a scene actually took place, not because a scene was a convenient way of showing what was going on; and I think you will all remember that in Tolstoy's great novels one scarcely has the sense of there being any scenes at all, not more so than in real life. Pierre's fate is not sealed in a given number of interviews with Helène; nor is the rupture between Anna and Wronsky—although its catastrophe is brought about, as it must be, by a special incident—the result of anything save imperceptible disagreements every now and then, varied with an outbreak of jealousy. Similarly, in Tolstoy you never know how many times Levine went to the house of Kitty's parents, nor whether Pierre had twenty or two thousand interviews with Natacha; you only know that it all happens as it inevitably must, and happens, as most things in this world do, by the force of accumulated action.

Vernon Lee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIDSUMMER IN THE CITY.

(EAST SIDE.)

Gray pave, gray dust ; a blur of heavy heat.
It seems as if God's breath had never been
Blown over waves of crested, yellowing wheat
Or fields wherein rich grasses bend and lean,
To bless this dreadful spot with dreams of green,
Deep, shadowy, world-old forests, cool and sweet.

Gaunt, staggering houses leer upon the street
Like loathly hags, half-witches, sometime seen
Or guessed at in some midnight mountain-meet.
Day shows its shame ; night's an accursëd screen
Whereunder vile things slink, obscure, unclean,
That hide at the first coming of dawn's feet.

Black, slimy passages worm through the block
Like roots, and midway burst in hideous flower
Of fetid courts—foul, formless, vague, that shock
Like some abortion born to make an hour
One shuddering remembrance of Hell's power
And Heaven itself seem but a dreary mock.

Look down into this evil flower, this sink,
This loathsome pit, where puny children crawl.
What breasts could give such bloodless creatures drink ?
What fiend could father them ? If that were all !
You blench, you pale. Is God, then, out of call ?
Ah, but perchance He sleeps, or eats, you think ?

Nay, look, look down. What ! does it stir the hair ?
True ! souls rot there like bodies, if one knows.
'Tis the Sphinx-riddle. Guess it, if you dare.
The answer ? This. See, yonder, where there goes
A ragged child that hugs a ruined rose
With eyes of rapture innocent as prayer.

Perley A. Child.

New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDREW LANG AS A POET.

When the little volume of *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* appeared in its dainty white and gold in 1872, more than one lover of poetry felt

> "like a man abroad at morn
> When first the liquid note beloved of men
> Comes flying over many a windy wave
> To Britain."

The voice, indeed, was not wholly new, but it was young and singularly sweet; and in it there were cadences the freshness and tenderness of which were of delightful promise at a moment when Tennyson and Swinburne were devoting themselves to "Queen Mary" and "Bothwell," when William Morris was wasting brilliant craftsmanship on the "Æneid," and Browning was revelling in the Hesperian bowers of "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." Mr. Lang has himself somewhat despitefully imputed to his early work "the demerits of imitative and even of undergraduate rhyme," but while one may admit that the poet had not found *himself* when he penned such lines as

ANDREW LANG.

> "The languid sunset, mother of roses,
> Lingers, a light on the magic seas,"

there was more than sufficient in *Ballads and Lyrics* to justify "people he liked in liking them" and certain unconsidered strangers in expecting memorable things from him. Confining one's self to the original poems—though the translations, which fill more than half the volume, afford admirable proof of metrical equipment and poetic sympathy—need one do more in the way of evidence than refer to the gentle tenderness of "Twilight on Tweed," with its "water from the Border hills," its air haunted by the ballads "borne out of long ago," its trout plashing beneath the blossomed tree, and its glimpse of green Eildon; or to the fine conception of "They hear the Sirens for the second time;" or the spiritual elevation of "The Lost Path" — that forgotten mode of ecstasy "whereby, as Porphyry saith, his soul, becoming free from his deathly flesh, was made one with the Spirit that is in the World?" One sonnet, however, I must quote—aglow with the yearning and vision of the poetic twenties, before Mr. Lang dallied in the primrose paths of the Ballade, and long before he began to gibe at "the mavis of his early morn." It is called "Metempsychosis."

> "I shall not see thee, nay, but I shall know,
> Perchance, thy grey eyes in another's eyes,
> Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow
> On purest brows, yea, and in swift surmise
> Shall follow and track and find thee in disguise
> Of all sad things, and fair, where sunsets glow,
> When through the scent of heather, faint and low,
> The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.
>
> "From all sweet art, and out of all "old rhyme,"
> Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me;
> The shadows of the beauty of all time,
> Carven and sung, are only shapes of thee;
> Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear,
> Shall life or death bring all thy being near?"

Here, too—in verse so musical that in reading it after rhymed measures one does not for some time perceive that it is rhymeless—we have the poet's first conception of Helen of Troy. It is interesting to note that for nearly twenty years, off and on, Mr. Lang has devoted himself to the worship of that imperishable beauty. His most important work consists of her story, and again as late as 1890, when he collaborated with Mr. Rider Haggard in one of the most strikingly picturesque and imaginative—and strangely enough one of the least appreciated—of recent romances, *The World's*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Desire, it was Helen who was the heroine.

So far as I can gather, the most popular of Mr. Lang's poems is the *XXII. Ballades in Blue China* (1880). They are delightful reading; airy, graceful, humorous; the freaks and fancies of a very Ariel. Recollect the melody of the "Ballade of the Midnight Forest," the delicious quaintness of the "Blue China" of the reign of the Emperor Hwang, the racy piquancy of the "Ballade of the Tweed," the characteristic envoy of "The Royal Game of Golf"—

"Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!"

how we laughed over all that fifteen years ago, and how often we have smiled since! But, alas, with the exception of the fine sonnet "In Ithaca," I find little that fulfils the early promise. Two years later, however, *Helen of Troy*, in six books—nearly 2500 lines—realised the expectations which had been aroused by the reading of the volume of 1872.

The lines of the poets of to-day have fallen in pleasant places; an ode or a ballad suffices to create a reputation. One can almost regret, for *its* sake, that the publication of *Helen of Troy* was not postponed for a dozen years. What a "splash" it would have made in these days of small outputs and quick returns! On the other hand, it may reconcile the great army of the disappointed to remember that so noble a piece of work has never passed into a second edition, and that in the survey of recent poetic achievement the references to it are by no means as plentiful as mice in Patagonia. It may be that age *has* withered and custom staled the infinite variety of the "dream of the world's youth;" possibly we are tired of phantoms, and hunger for the womanhood of our time; but one would have thought that the old story had not yet lost its spell, especially when told with the beauty and power, the imagination, the vivid truthfulness, the emotion, which lift these six books into the region of great poetry.

The claim I have made for this epic-in-little is a large one, but did space allow it would be easy, and no less pleasant, to substantiate it by quotation. In this case, however, any reasonably limited extracts would resemble the bricks of the house-agent in Hierocles. From the first appearance of Helen with Hermione,

"A little maiden of long summers three,"

nestling against her bosom—I had thought Mr. Lang despised children, but what poet does not love them?—and peeping out half afraid at the strangers, down to the strangely placid time when she and Menelaus, once more together in the old home, beheld

"The counted years of mortal life go by,"

the story is full of rememberable passages. As in a dream, forgetful of the past, spell-drawn by fate, Helen wanders forth to her destiny, innocent and unconscious,

"When the red rose of dawn outburned the white;"

and this dream-state continues through the long voyage by many an island fort and haven, past red-prow'd barks Egyptian, the rich island-town begirt by war, the lonely tunny-fisher on his rocky watch-tower, and long afterwards, till Paris slays in her presence his own son by Œnone and Œnone's curse descends upon her. Then by the will of the evil goddess the cloud rolls away from Helen's memory, and she knows herself, and sees her home, the city of the rifted hill, fair Lacedemon, and hears the cry of her little child. This lapse and temporary restoration of memory are the most tragic and pathetic incidents in the poem, and they are matched by the appearance of Œnone, first at the funeral pile of her son, and, long years afterwards, at that of the father who unwittingly slew him. Of the same lofty strain is Helen's contempt for Paris and her seclusion from the little world she lived in.

"But she, in longing for her lord and home,
And scorn of her wild lover, did withdraw
From all men's eyes; but in the night would roam
Till drowsy watchmen of the city saw
A shadowy shape that chill'd the night with awe,
Treading the battlements; and like a ghost
She stretched her lovely arms without a flaw
In shame and longing to the Argive host."

Nor can similar praise be denied to the closing scene in which Menelaus, after the sack of Ilion, bade the army fall upon her and stone her to death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But each man stood and mused on Helen's face,
And her undream'd of beauty, brought so nigh
On that bleak plain, within that ruin'd place;"

and let fall the gathered flints and stole away.

But what notion does all this give of the poem? None; in these cases the critics, like the auld folk in a bunker, "are nae gude ava'," and the epic no less than the golfing is discredited.

In 1885 Mr. Lang published *Rhymes à la Mode*, and in 1888 *Grass of Parnassus*, and of these I have left myself scant room to speak. Among some beautiful poems and many lovely lines—witness these rudely torn from their context—

"Between the green sky and the grey;"

"Beside his friends, on the grey hill,
Where rains weep, and the curlews shrill,
And the brown water wanders by;"

"*Hush, ah hush*, the scythes are saying;"

and such poems as "Almæ Matres," "Desiderium," "Romance," "Seekers for a City," "Clevedon Church," and "Pen and Ink"—one finds that the poet has reverted to the merry, dilettante, half-mocking spirit of the *XXII. Ballades*. A curious significance seems to be given to this reversion by the personal note in "The Spinet."

"A jingling harmony it makes,
My heart, my lyre, my old Spinet,
And now a memory it wakes,
And now the music means 'forget,'
And little heed the player takes
Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret."

Worse still, in *Ban and Arrière Ban*, issued last year, Mr. Lang "blasphemes the great white goddess to her face" in "The Poet's Apology." Who would have suspected this in the author of the *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France;* who can forgive it in the author of *Helen of Troy?*

"Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun
In Reviews."

As if that mattered a single particle!

William Canton.

THE LOVER TO HIS VERSE.

Little lyric, lightly lilting,
Swiftly speed thy flight to her,
Armed with love go bravely tilting,
Strive her armoured heart to stir.
Tell her in thy soft, impassioned
Speech the story of the night
When thy tender lines were fashioned,
Born of love's enduring light:
How when evening deepened, darkened,
Sweeping sunlight from the land,
You and I together hearkened
For her whisper of command.
Had it reached us—then together
We had hastened to her side,
There through clouds and shining weather,
Calm, contented, to abide.
Little lyric, full fruition
Of a gladness and a pain,
Tell her, this shall be your mission,
That to win her I am fain;
That to woo her, storm her, sue her
In my heart dim pleadings stir;
Singing, ringing, winging to her,
Little lyric, soften her!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRUMSHEUGH'S LOVE STORY.

By the Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

When Leezabeth brought word that Dr. MacLure had ridden into the "close," Drumsheugh knew for what end he had come, but it was characteristic of Drumtochty that after they had exhausted local affairs, he should be stricken dumb and stare into the fire with averted face. For a space the doctor sat silent, because we respected one another's souls in the Glen, and understood the agony of serious speech, but at last he judged it right to give assistance.

"Ye said laist nicht that ye hed something tae say."

"A'm comin' tae't; juist gie me twa meenuts mair." But it was ten before Drumsheugh opened his mouth, although he arranged himself in his chair and made as though he would speak three times.

"Weelum," he said at last, and then he stopped, for his courage had failed.

"A'm hearin', Drum; tak yir ain time; the fire's needin' mendin'," and the light, blazing up suddenly, showed another Drumsheugh than was known on Muirtown market.

"It's no easy, Weelum, tae say onything that gangs deeper than the weather an' cattle beasts." Drumsheugh passed his hand across his forehead, and MacLure's pity was stirred.

"Gin ye hae dune onything wrang, an' ye want tae relieve yir mind, ye may lippen tae me, Drumsheugh, though it titch yir life. A' can haud ma tongue, an' a'm a leal man."

"A' thocht it wesna that," as Drumsheugh shook his head; "a'm jidgin' that ye hae a sorrow the Glen disna ken, and wud like an auld freend tae feel the wecht o't wi' ye."

Drumsheugh looked as if that was nearer the mark, but still he was silent.

"A' ken what ye're feelin', for a' cudna speak masel," and then he added, at the sight of his friend's face, "Dinna gar yirsel speak against yir wull. We 'ill say naethin' mair aboot it. . . . Did ye hear o' Hillocks coupin' intae the drift till there wes naethin' seen but his heels, and Gormack sayin', 'Whar are ye aff tae noo, Hillocks?'"

"A' maun speak," burst out Drumsheugh; "a've carried ma tribble for mair than thirty year, and cud hae borne it till the end, but ae thing a' canna stand, an' that is, that aither you or me dee afore a've cleared ma name."

"Yir name?" and the doctor regarded Drumsheugh with amazement.

"Aye, ma character; a've naethin' else, Weelum, naither wife nor bairns, so a'm jealous o't, though fouk michtna think it.

"Noo, gin onybody in Muirtown askit ma certeeficat o' a Drumtochty neebur, gie me his answer," and Drumsheugh turned suddenly on MacLure, who was much confused.

"Nae Drumtochty man wud say ony ill o' ye; he daurna, for ye've gien him nae occasion, an' ye surely ken that yirsel withoot askin'." But Drumsheugh was still waiting.

"He micht say that ye were juist a wee," and then he broke off, "but what need ye care for the havers of a market? Fouk 'ill hae their joke."

"Ye said a wee; what is't, Weelum?" and the doctor saw there was to be no escape.

"Weel, they micht maybe say behind yir back, Drum, what some o' them wud say tae yir face, meanin' nae evil, ye ken, that ye were . . . carefu', in fact, an' . . . keen aboot the baubees. Naethin' mair nor worse than that, as a'm sittin' here."

"Naethin' mair, said ye?" Drumsheugh spoke with much bitterness—"an' is yon little? 'Carefu'"; ye're a gude-hearted man, Weelum; miser's nearer it, a'm dootin', a wratch that 'ill hae the laist penny in a bargain, and no spend a saxpence gin he can keep it."

MacLure saw it was not a time to speak.

"They've hed mony a lauch in the train ower ma tigs wi' the dealers, an' some o' them wud hae liked tae hev cam aff as weel—a cratur like Milton; but what dis Burnbrae, 'at coonted his verra livin' less than his principles, or auld Domsie, that's dead an' gane noo, 'at wud hae spent his laist shillin' sending a laddie tae the College—he gied it tae me aince het, like the man he wes—or the minister, wha wud dee raither than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

condescend tae a meanness, or what can . . . Marget Hoo think o' me?" and the wail in Drumsheugh's voice went to the heart of MacLure.

"Dinna tak on like this, Drum; it's waesome tae hear ye, an' it's clean havers ye're speakin' the nicht. Didna Domsie get mony a note frae ye for his college laddies?—a've heard him on't—an' it wes you 'at paid Geordie Hoo's fees, an' wha wes't brocht Sir George an' savit Annie Mitchell's life . . . ?"

"That didna cost me muckle in the end, sin' it wes your daein' an' no mine; an' as for the bit fees for the puir scholars, they were naethin' ava.

"Na, na, Weelum, it 'ill no dae. A' ken the hert o' ye weel, and ye 'ill stan' by yir freend through fair and foul; but a'm gaein' tae clear things up aince for a'; a'll never gang through this again.

"It's no the Glen a'm thinkin' aboot the nicht; a' wud like tae hae their gude opinion, an' a'm no what they're considerin' me, but a' canna gie them the facts o' the case, an' . . . a' maun juist dee as a' hev lived.

"What cuts me tae the hert is that the twa fouk a' luve sud hae reason tae jidge me a miser; ane o' them wull never ken her mistake, but a'll pit masel richt wi' the ither. Weelum, for what div ye think a've been scrapin' for a' thae years?"

"Weel, gin ye wull hae ma mind," said the doctor, slowly, "a' believed ye hed been crossed in luve, for ye telt me as much yersel. . . ."

"Ye're richt, Weelum; a'll tell ye mair the nicht; gang on."

"It cam tae ma mind that ye turned tae bargainin' an' savin', no for greed—a' kent there wes nae greed in ye; div ye suppose a' cudna tell the differ atween ma freend an' Milton?—but for a troke tae keep yir mind aff . . . aff yir sorrow."

"Thank ye, Weelum, thank ye kindly, but it wesna even that that a've lived barer than ony plooman for the best part o' ma life; a' tell ye, beyond ma stockin' a'm no worth twa hunder pund this nicht.

"It wes for anither a' githered, an' as fast as I got the gear a' gied it awa," and Drumsheugh sprang to his feet, his eyes shining; "it wes for luve's sake a' haggled an' schemed an' stairved an' toiled till a've been a byword at kirk and market for nearness; a' did it a' an' bore it a' for ma luve, an' for . . . ma luve a' wud hae dune ten times mair.

"Did ye ken wha it wes, Weelum?"

"Ye never mentioned her name, but a' jaloosed, an' there's nane like her in the Glen. . . ."

"No, nor in braid Scotland for me! She 'ill aye be the bonniest as weel as the noblest o' weemen in ma een till they be steikit in deith. But ye never saw Marget in her bloom, when the blossom wes on the tree, for a' mind ye were awa in Edinburgh thae years, learning yir business.

"A' left the schule afore she cam, an' the first time a' ever kent Marget richt wes the day she settled wi' her mither in the cottar's hoose on Drumsheugh, an' she's hed ma hert sin' that 'oor.

"It wesna her winsome face nor her gentle ways that drew me, Weelum; it wes . . . her soul, the gudeness 'at lookit oot on the warld through yon grey een, sae serious, thochtfu', kindly.

"Nae man cud say a rouch word or hae a ill thocht in her presence; she made ye better juist tae hear her speak an' stan' aside her at the wark.

"A' hardly ever spoke tae her for the three year she wes wi's, an' a' said na word o' luve. A' houpit some day tae win her, an' a' wes mair than content tae hae her near me. Thae years were bitter tae me aifterwards, but, man, a' wudna be without them noo; they're a' the time a' ever hed wi' Marget.

"A'm a-wearyin' ye, Weelum, wi' what can be little mair than havers tae anither man;" but at the look on the doctor's face, he added, "A'll tell ye a' then, an' . . . a'll never mention her name again. Ye're the only man ever heard me say 'Marget' like this.

"Weelum, a' wes a man thae days, an' thochts cam tae me 'at gared the hert leap in ma briest, and ma blude rin like the Tochty in flood. When a' drave the scythe through the corn in hairst, and Marget lifted the gowden swathe ahint me, a' said, 'This is hoo a'll toil an' fecht for her a' the days o' oor life'; an' when she gied me the sheaves at the mill for the threshin', 'This is hoo she 'ill bring a' guid things tae ma hame.'

"Aince her hand touched mine—a' see a withered forget-me-not among the aits this meenut—an' . . . that wes the only time; a' never hed her hand in mine . . . a' hoddit the floor, an', Weelum, a' hev it tae this day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There's a stile on the road tae the hill, an' a hawthorn tree at the side o't; it wes there she met me ae sweet simmer evenin', when the corn wes turnin' yellow, an' telt me they wud be leavin' their hoose at Martinmas. Her face hed a licht on it a' hed never seen. 'A'm tae be marrie't,' she said, 'tae William Howe . . .'"

"Puir lad, puir lad, aifter a' yir houps; did ye lat her ken?"

"Na, na; it wes ower late, an' wud only hae vexed her. Howe and her hed been bairns thegither, an' a've heard he wes kind tae her father when he wes sober (weakly), an' so . . . he got her hert. A' cudna hae changed her, but a' micht hae made her meeserable.

"A' leaned ower that stile for twa lang oors. Mony a time a've been there sin' then, by nicht and day. Hoo the Glen wud lauch, for a'm no the man they see. A' saw the sun gae doon that nicht, an' a' felt the darkness fa' on me, an' a' kent the licht hed gane oot o' ma life for ever."

"Ye carried yersel like a man, though," and the doctor's voice was full of pride, "but ye've hed a sair battle, Drum, an' nae man tae say weel dune."

"Dinna speak that wy, Weelum, for a'm no sae gude as ye're thinkin'; frae that oor tae Geordie's illness a' never spak ae word o' kindness tae Marget, an' gin hatred wud hae killed him, she wud hae lost her bridegroom.

"Gude forgie me," and the drops stood on Drumsheugh's forehead. "When Hoo cudna pay, and he wes tae be turned oot of Whinnie Knowe, a' lauched tae masel, though there isna a kinder, simpler heart in the Glen than puir Whinnie's. There maun be some truth in thae auld stories aboot a deevil; he hed an awfu' grup o' me the end o' that year.

"But a' never hatit her; a' think a've luvit her mair every year; and when a' thocht o' her trachlin' in some bit hoosie as a plooman's wife, wha wes fit for a castle, ma hert wes melted.

"Gin she hed gien me her luve, wha never knew a' wantit it, a' wud hae spilt ma blude afore ye knew care, an' though ye sees me naethin' but a cankered, contrackit auld carle this day, a' wud hae made her happy aince, Weelum. A' wes different when a' wes young," and Drumsheugh appealed to his friend.

"Dinna misca yersel tae me, Drum; it's nae use," said the doctor, with a shaky voice.

"Weel, it wesna tae be," resumed Drumsheugh after a little; "a' cudna be her man, but it seemed tae me ae day that a' micht work for Marget a' the same, an' naebody wud ken. So a' gied intae Muirtown an' got a writer—"

The doctor sprang to his feet in such excitement as was hardly known in Drumtochty.

"What a fule ye've made o' the Glen, Drumsheugh, and what a heepocrite ye've been. It wes you then that sent hame the money frae Ameriky 'at cleared Whinnie's feet and set Marget and him up bien (plentiful) like on their merrige," and then MacLure could do the rest for himself without assistance.

"It wud be you tae 'at started Whinnie again aifter the Pleuro took his cattle, for he wes aye an unlucky wratch, an' if it wesna you that deed oot in New York and savit him ten years ago, when the stupid body pit his name tae Piggie's bill. It's you 'at wes Winnie's farawa' cousin, wha hed gotten rich and sent hame help through the lawyer, an' naebody suspeckit onything.

"Drumsheugh"—and the doctor, who had been finding the room too small for him, came to a halt opposite his friend—"ye're the maist accomplished leear 'at's ever been born in Drumtochty, an' . . . the best man a' ever saw. Eh, Drum," and MacLure's voice sank, "hoo little we kent ye. It's an awfu' peety Domsie didna hear o' this afore he slippit awa'; a' can see him straichtenin' himsel at the story. Jamie Soutar 'ill be michty when he gets a haud o't. . . ."

Twice Drumsheugh had tried to interrupt MacLure and failed, but now he brought his hand down upon the table.

"Wud ye daur, Weelum, tae mention ae word a' hae telt ye ootside this room? gin a' thocht ye wes the man——" And Drumsheugh's face was blazing.

"Quiet, man, quiet! Ye ken a' wudna withoot yir wull; but juist ae man, Jamie Soutar. Ye 'ill lat me share't wi' Jamie."

"No even Jamie; an' a'm ashamed tae hae telt yersel, for it looks like boastin'; an' aifter a' it wes a bit o' comfort tae me in ma cauldrife life.

"It's been a gey lang trial, Weelum; ye canna think what it wes tae see her sittin' in the kirk ilka Sabbath wi' her man, tae follow her face in the Psalms,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tae catch her een in the Saicrament, an' tae ken that a' never wud say 'Marget' tae her in luve.

"For thirty year an' mair a've studied her, an' seen her broon hair that wes like gowd in the sunlight turn grey, and care score lines on her face, but every year she's comelier in ma een.

"Whinnie telt us his tribble aboot the bill in the kirkyaird, an' a' saw the marks o't in her look. There wes a tear ran doon her cheek in the prayer, an' a' . . . cud hae greet wi' her, an' then ma hert loupit wi' joy, for a' thocht there 'ill be nae tear next Sabbath.

"Whinnie got the siller, frae his cousin, ye ken, through the week, an' settled his debt on Friday. A' met him on the street, an' made him buy a silk goon for Marget: . . . a' gied wi' him tae choose it, for he's little jidgment, Whinnie."

"A' wes in the train that day masel," broke in the doctor, "an' a' mind Hillocks daffin' wi' ye that nae wumman cud get a goon oot o' you. Sic fules an' waur."

"A' didna mind that, no ae straw, Weelum, for Marget wes ten year younger next Sabbath, an' she wore ma goon on the Saicrament. A' kent what bocht it, an' that wes eneuch for me.

"It didna maitter what the Glen said, but ae thing gied tae ma hert, an' that wes Marget's thocht o' me . . . but a' daurna clear masel.

"We were stannin' thegither ae Sabbath"—Drumsheugh spoke as one giving a painful memory, on which he had often brooded—"an' gaein' ower the market, an' Hillocks says, 'A' dinna ken the man or wumman 'at 'ill get a baubee oot o' you, Drumsheugh. Ye're the hardest lad in ten pairishes.'

"Marget passed that meenut tae the kirk, an' . . . a' saw her look. Na, it wesna scorn, nor peety; it wes sorrow. . . . This wes a bien hoose in the auld day when she wes on the fairm, an' she wes wae tae see sic a change in me. A' hed tae borrow the money through the lawyer, ye ken, an' it wes a fecht payin' it wi' interest. Aye, but it wes a pleesure tae, a' that a'll ever hev, Weelum. . . ."

"Did ye never want tae . . . tell her?" and the doctor looked curiously at Drumsheugh.

"Juist aince, Weelum, in her gairden, an' the day Geordie deed. Marget thankit me for the college fees and bit expenses a' hed paid. 'A father cudna hae been kinder tae ma laddie,' she said, an' she laid her hand on ma airm. 'Ye're a gude man, a' see it clear this day, an' . . . ma hert is . . . warm tae ye.' A' ran oot o' the gairden. A' micht hae broken doon. Oh! gin Geordie hed been ma ain laddie an' Marget . . . ma wife."

MacLure waited a little, and then he quietly left, but first he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder to show that he understood.

After he had gone, Drumsheugh opened his desk and took out a withered flower. He pressed it again and again to his lips, and each time he said "Marget" with a sob that rent his heart. It was the forget-me-not.

Ian Maclaren.

(To be concluded.)

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS.

I. Rejected Addresses.

Inasmuch as the experience of the vast majority of writers begins with a series of soul-harrowing rejections, whatever success may be ultimately attained, it seems in accordance with the fitness of things that in these two papers of mine the editorial refusals should take precedence.

Editors have to suffer many hard things at the pens or tongues of contributors. There are few among the competitors for their approval who can be brought to regard them in a dispassionate spirit of justice. The literary child which has been with such pains brought forth—be it poem, story, essay, or volume—is so dear to the parent, that any failure to accord it due appreciation is nine times out of ten taken to argue partiality, prejudice, or crass stupidity in the errant editor.

But, as every editor knows, and will not be slow to affirm, this is far from being the true state of the case. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are few conductors of periodicals who do not very much prefer sending acceptances rather than rejections. It is only in obedience to the stern dictates of duty that they so frequently decline with thanks.

The very manner of their doing this may be taken as sufficient proof of the assertion. Let me cite some illustrations from my own budget. Thus, in the early days of my apprenticeship, before I could lay claim to the merest shadow of a reputation, the editor of one of the best-known American weeklies wrote me :

"We should like to have something from your pen in the ——, but we do not find the enclosed article available for our purpose, and therefore return it with regret."

Now here the smart of disappointment was materially mitigated by the kind words, with their cheering suggestion, and one felt that one at least had had a fair show.

The same soothing effect was the natural sequence of the following note from the editor of a leading monthly :

"I am sorry to be unable to use your paper. There is much truth in the views advanced in it, but they would, I fear, prove offensive to many of our readers."

In this case, as in that of the article next referred to, it is easy to see what an advantage the editor has when the would-be contributor is at a distance, for certainly both replies would evoke earnest argument were they given verbally and face to face.

"Your carefully written articles ought to find interested readers in this country, but after deliberation it has seemed to us that we have too much matter on hand to justify us in accepting another series of articles."

But of course it was no use arguing over a distance of some hundreds of miles, so the decision had perforce to be accepted as final.

Perhaps one of the most trying experiences to which the eager and persistent contributor subjects himself is that of getting the editor almost, but not altogether persuaded to accept his manuscript. The subjoined editorial communications will make clear my meaning.

Thus from the editors of a famous juvenile monthly :

"The merits of your story are fully appreciated and the MS. is returned only because ——— is already more than supplied with accepted stories of adventurous or exciting character. For this reason solely we let the MS. go back to you."

And this from a not less well-known weekly of the same character :

"If I were *not so well stocked with stories*, I should be glad to keep this. As it is, I must return it, but I shall always be glad to see anything in our line that you may write."

Yet another from the same kindly pen :

"This is a good-enough-to-print article, but I do not feel justified in adding it to my present accumulation."

To the same effect, although based on a different reason, is this rejection from the feminine conductor of a young people's monthly lately defunct :

"I am forced to return this clever little story because I must publish the MS. of yours already on hand before accepting more. Could I sit down to my desk some fine morning, and find ——, a weekly, many pleasant things would be possible."

A miss is as good as a mile, they say, yet if there be any balm in Gilead for the disappointed contributor, surely such a kindly note as the foregoing must apply it.

Not all editors, however, administer their negatives with such consideration. Having done what you thought to be your best on a manuscript, it seems like adding insult to injury when all the response you elicit is a scrap of paper, evidently a torn-off letter-head, with these words hastily scrawled upon it :

"Not available—only stories in request ;"

or a mere lead-pencil note to this effect :

"Declined with thanks—too long, and not of sufficient interest ;"

and oh ! how the following made one long for five minutes in the editorial sanctum :

"We are obliged to return your MS., as the incident related seems to us to be improbable—"

the fact being that it was an actual occurrence in the life of a statesman, with whom the writer was well acquainted.

Let me bring this article to a close with two experiences, which, perhaps, may prove somewhat out of the ordinary run.

The first was that of having a book declined by a prominent publishing house because it was *too interesting* ! The statement may seem incredible on the face of it, but here are the *ipsissima verba* of the firm :

PEORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY
AUG 5 1896
PEORIA, ILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The story is well written, and possesses considerable dramatic power. We think that boys would be intensely interested in it, but the movement is so swift and the incidents are so engrossing that the moral purpose falls into the background. The book undoubtedly will be popular. Other houses, we are sure, will be glad to get the MS."

A kindly prophecy, which, it is satisfactory to be able to add, has been amply fulfilled.

The second experience well illustrates the value of pertinacity, although perhaps it can hardly be taken to furnish a safe precedent.

An article upon which the writer had expended an infinitude of pains, and which embodied his most profound convictions upon a subject of vital social interest, was first submitted to the monthly review which seemed the most fitting vehicle for its presentation to the public.

It was returned with many regrets, because "so much matter previously engaged had come to hand that we dare not accept even one more article at present."

Just six months later, having in the mean time been pruned and condensed, it was again submitted, only to be sent back with the same reason given.

Another six months went by, at the expiration of which it was announced that a periodical on somewhat similar lines to this twice-tried review was about to be established. The article in question was thereupon despatched thither, in hopes that there could not already be such an accumulation of ordered or accepted material as to preclude a place being found for it.

Alas! the answer ran as follows:

"The excellence of this article is appreciated, but circumstances prevent its acceptance."

And what gave the matter a humorous tinge was the unsuspected fact that the editor of the new periodical was the same man who had twice before pronounced adversely upon the unfortunate article.

One more half year passed, and then, impelled by a yet unquenched faith in his right to a hearing, the writer sent the manuscript back to the new periodical—and lo! and behold! his persistency met the reward it surely deserved.

The article was accepted, and paid for at a rate of compensation higher than he had ever previously received, and this, too, by the very editor who had thrice previously failed to find room for the contribution!

J. Macdonald Oxley.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

VII. FROM THE BOOK TO THE READER.

The study which has found its material and its reward in Dante's *Divine Comedy* or in Goethe's *Faust* is the best possible evidence of the inexhaustible interest in the masterpieces of these two great poets. Libraries of considerable dimensions have been written in the way of commentaries upon, and expositions of, these notable works. Many of these books are, it is true, deficient in insight and possessed of very little power of interpretation or illumination; they are the products of a barren, dry-as-dust industry, which has expended itself upon external characteristics and incidental references. Nevertheless, the very volume and mass of these secondary books witness to the fertility of the first-hand books with which they deal, and show beyond dispute that men have an insatiable desire to get at their interior meanings. If these great powers had been mere illustrations of individual skill and gift this interest would have long ago exhausted itself. That singular and unsurpassed qualities of construction, style, and diction are present in *Faust* and the *Divine Comedy* need not be emphasised, since they both belong to the very highest class of literary production; but there is something deeper and more vital in them; there is a philosophy or interpretation of life. Each of these poems is a revelation of what man is and of what his life means; and it is this deep truth, or set of truths, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heart of these works which we are always striving to reach and make clear to ourselves.

In the case of neither poem did the writer content himself with an exposition of his own experience; in both cases there is an attempt to embody and put in concrete form an immense section of universal experience. Neither form could have been written if there had not been a long antecedent history, rich in every kind and quality of human contact with the world, and of the working out of the forces which are in every human soul. These two forms of activity represent in a general way what men have learned about themselves and their surroundings; and, taken together, they constitute the material out of which interpretations and explanations of human life have been made. These explanations vary according to the genius, the environment and the history of races, but in every case they represent the very soul of race life; for they are the spiritual forms in which that life has expressed itself. Other forms of race activity, however valuable or beautiful, are lost in the passage of time or are taken up and absorbed, and so part with their separate and individual existence; but the quintessence of experience and thought expressed in great works of art is gathered up and preserved, as Milton said, for "a life beyond life."

Now, it is upon this imperishable food which the past has stored up through the genius of great artists that later generations feed and nourish themselves. It is through intimate contact with these fundamental conceptions, worked out with such infinite pain and patience, that the individual experience is broadened to include the experience of the race. This contact is the mystery as it is the source of culture. No one can explain the transmission of power from a book to a reader; but all history bears witness to the fact that such transmissions are made. Sometimes, as during what is called the Revival of Learning, the transmission is so general and so genuine that the life of our entire society is visibly quickened and enlarged; indeed, it is not too much to say that an entire civilisation feels the effect. The transmission of power, the transference of vitality, from books to individuals are so constant and common that they are matters of universal experience. Most men of any considerable culture date the successive enlargements of their intellectual lives to the reading, at successive periods, of the books of insight and power—the books that deal with life at first-hand. There are, for instance, few men of a certain age who have read widely or deeply who do not recall with perennial enthusiasm the days when Carlyle and Emerson fell into their hands. They may have reacted radically from the didactic teaching of both writers, but they have not lost the impulse, nor have they parted with the enlargement of thought received in those first rapturous hours of discovery. There was wrought in them then changes of view, expansions of nature, a liberation of life which can never be lost. This experience is repeated so long as the man retains the power of growth and so long as he keeps in contact with the great writers. Every such contact marks a new stage in the process of culture. This means not merely the deep satisfaction and delight which are involved in every fresh contact with a genuine work of art; it means the permanent enrichment of the reader. He has gained something more lasting than pleasure and more valuable than information; he has gained a new view of life; he has looked again into the heart of humanity; he has felt afresh the supreme interest which always attaches to any real contact with the life of the race. And all this comes to him not only because the life of the race is essentially dramatic and, therefore, of quite inexhaustible interest, but because that life is essentially a revelation. A series of fundamental truths is being disclosed through the simple process of living, and whoever touches the deep life of men in the great works of art comes in contact also with these fundamental truths. Whoever reads the *Divine Comedy* and *Faust* for the first time discovers new realms of truth for himself, and gains not only the joy of discovery, but an immense addition of territory as well.

The most careless and superficial readers do not remain untouched by the books of life; they fail to understand them or get the most out of them, but they do not escape the spell which they all possess—the power of compelling the attention and stirring the heart. Not many years ago the stories of the Rus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sian novelists were in all hands. That the fashion has passed is evident enough, and it is also evident that the craving for these books was largely a fashion. Nevertheless, the fashion itself was due to the real power which those stories revealed and which constitutes their lasting contribution to the world's literature. They were touched with a profound sadness, which was exhaled like a mist by the conditions they portrayed; they were full of a sympathy born of knowledge and of sorrow; their roots were in the rich soil of the life they described. The latest of them, Count Tolstoy's *Master and Man*, is one of those masterpieces which take rank at once, not by reason of their magnitude, but by reason of a certain beautiful quality, which comes only to the man whose heart is pressed against the heart of his theme, and who divines what life is in the inarticulate soul of his brother man. Such books are the rich material of culture to the man who reads them with his heart, because they add to his experience a kind of experience, otherwise inaccessible to him, which quickens, refreshes, and broadens his own nature.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

LONDON LETTER.

George Meredith's Maiden Speech.

The Omar Khayyam Club is of recent origin, but it has been rapidly and unusually successful. It is an association of literary men who dine together once a quarter, and who profess to be united by a mutual devotion to the Persian poet Omar Khayyam. Among the leading spirits are Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Henry Norman, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and others scarcely less well known. Members are allowed to invite guests, and many of the most distinguished men of the day have been present at the symposia. A great attraction has been the striking excellence of the after-dinner speaking. One of our members, Mr. L. F. Austin, is, without a single exception, the best after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. His great literary talents, though well enough known to the comparatively small world of journalism, have not brought him prominently before the reading public, and Mr. Austin is a man who disdains the arts of self-advertisement. Nevertheless, some of the brightest and wittiest of contemporary comment and criticism is due to him. And he has latterly become well known to the numerous readers of the *Sketch* by a signed *causerie* which he contributes to that journal. Mr. Austin has been for a considerable time private secretary to Sir Henry Irving, and he published some years ago, under a pseudonym, a work on that great actor. With this outcome of his powers, however, Mr. Austin's friends are by no means content, and they will not cease urging upon him the duty of doing himself justice. It is hard work, for he is apparently a man without any ambition. Another leading member, Mr. Edward Clodd, who is just now the President of the Club, is also eminently felicitous in his little speeches. Mr. Clodd, who is a banker, has very strong literary sympathies, and enjoys the closest friendship with many of the most distinguished among living authors. In his country house at Aldborough, in Suffolk, he is accustomed to entertain such men as Sir Walter Besant, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Barrie, and many others. He is a graceful writer, and specially interested in the popularisation of science. Several of his books have been very widely read. Nor should I omit to mention Mr. Henry Norman, the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and one of the most versatile men in the world—a man who can do anything, and who does everything he attempts well. Mr. Norman is well known in America, where he studied, and where he enjoyed the friendship of many famous people. His journeys and studies in the Far East have given him a place of almost unique authority among political journalists,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while as a critic and student of literature he stands among the foremost. His collections of first editions, particularly of American first editions, is almost unrivalled, and I have never had pleasanter afternoons than those spent in the examination of his treasures. Mr. Norman does much political work for the *Chronicle*, but his special task is the preparation of the literary page, which he has made a great and recognised force. The *Daily Chronicle* is almost the only paper of the kind in England which collects and publishes original literary information. Few things escape Mr. Norman's vigilant eye, and he has greatly widened his field lately by becoming a member of the Committee of the Society of Authors. In his capacity he has to consider the complaints of writers against their publishers and against those who will not consent to be their publishers. Mr. Norman's brilliant and charming wife is well known as the author of *A Girl of the Carpathians* and *Galicia*. She is at present deep in the preparation of another novel; but I must not further describe our speakers, else I shall never come to the subject of my letter.

For our July dinner a country retreat is chosen, and this year we went to Boxhill in Surrey. If I wished to show an American friend visiting England for the first time the best side of the old country, I should take him to Boxhill of a morning, and in the course of the day bring him by a chosen road to Guildford. This would show him the most beautiful part of England—perhaps, I might say, the most characteristic. On the way I should be able to point out many homes of literary men, for Surrey is more and more becoming their favoured haunt. The greatest of them all, Mr. George Meredith, has resided for many years in a cottage at Boxhill. Through the friendly office of Mr. Clodd, Mr. Meredith kindly promised us what we all felt to be the distinguished honour of his presence. The great writer has been for some time in delicate health, and obliged to submit to a severe regimen. He was, therefore, to appear not at the dinner, but immediately after. The company gradually assembled on the lawn of the Burford Bridge Hotel, the place where Keats wrote part of *Endymion*, and where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed while he was making acquaintance with the idol of his youth, George Meredith. Coming up, I met Mr. Thomas Hardy looking somewhat worn and pale, but cheerful and courteous as usual; Mr. Edmund Gosse, who insists on representing himself as a middle-aged man, but who looks younger than he has done for years; Mr. Cust, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of the rival evening paper, the *Westminster Gazette*, and many others. When we got to Boxhill I was delighted to greet my friend Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, who had come all the way from Edinburgh. Mr. Groome, who is a leading member of the staff of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, is the son of the late Archdeacon Groome, who was one of Edward Fitzgerald's most intimate friends. He has thus a special right to appear at an Omar gathering. Mr. George Gissing, who lives about seven miles from Boxhill, and whom one sees too seldom in London, was also there. It is delightful for one who recognised Mr. Gissing's genius from the beginning to see the steady growth in his reputation, and I think the recognition is having its effect on his work, which is less gloomy and hopeless than of old. I have just read in proof two short stories of Mr. Gissing's which are to appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and I venture to say that they will compare favourably with the finest achievements in that difficult kind of work. The dinner passed off agreeably, although we were closely crowded. But the evening began with the appearance of Mr. Meredith, who was received by the company standing, and with every demonstration of enthusiasm and respect.

As Mr. Meredith came into the room he graciously recognised several of his old friends. Mr. Shorter conducted him to the seat of honour on the right hand of the chairman, and he made a striking figure against the sunshine streaming through a window half covered with green boughs. He exchanged hearty greetings with Mr. Hardy, who was on Mr. Clodd's left hand, and after a little the President welcomed him in the name of the Club. Mr. Clodd's speech was singularly happy, light, and graceful, but with more than a trace of deep feeling. We hardly ventured to expect a formal reply, and were taken by surprise when Mr. Meredith, with a very good grace, rose to his feet and informed us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he was now making his maiden speech. He did not say much, but what he said was exquisite in form and benignant in feeling. It must have cheered the veteran after his long, hard fight to have such emphatic proof of the affection and veneration with which he is regarded by literary England. Mr. Meredith's beautiful face is much finer than any representation of it I have seen. It is emphatically aristocratic, high bred—in short, distinguished. He is a little hard of hearing, but is able to make out anything said in a clear voice, and he listened with evident pleasure and satisfaction to the speeches. Although he has to live by rule, his general health is good, and there is every reason to hope that he may yet give us much of his finest work. He still finds great pleasure in the exercise of his creative faculty, and is understood to have two or three books more or less well advanced.

We then had speeches from Mr. Hardy and Mr. Gissing. Both of them made the same speech, although each in his own way. Mr. Hardy told us Mr. Meredith read the manuscript of his first book, and gave him friendly encouragement. Mr. Meredith was at that time reader for Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and a more conscientious, patient, and encouraging reader never lived. What a treasure his reports on manuscripts would make! A brilliant young novelist of my acquaintance, who is reader to a London firm, writes such witty notes on the manuscripts sent him that his publishers carefully preserve every one of them, and declare that in the end they will make a better book than any he has written. Mr. Hardy modestly described his first attempt as "very wild," on which Mr. Meredith ejaculated "promising." Mr. Hardy went on to say that if it had not been for the encouragement he received then from Mr. Meredith he would never have devoted himself to literature and that from the time of their first meeting he and Mr. Meredith had been friends. It is well known that Mr. Meredith firmly believes that Mr. Hardy is beyond comparison our best novelist Mr. Gissing had a similar experience to relate. His first novel, *The Unclassed* was read by Mr. Meredith. It is a strange book, known to very few; but I can remember how deeply it interested me. The only other man who has read it, so far as I know, is Mr. Hardy, who warmly admired it. It is daring alike in choice of subject and in treatment and was published before its time. There is some likelihood, I am glad to hear of its being issued again. Mr. Gissing told us how he had an appointment with the reader of Messrs. Chapman and Hall who amazed him by his accurate knowledge of the manuscript. He did not know at the time that his critic was no less a man than George Meredith.

We then had speeches from Mr. Austin, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Cook. Mr. Austin excelled himself, his tribute to the heroines of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy being one of the finest things I have ever heard. Mr. Gosse was very smart and amusing; and Mr. Cook, although he had only five minutes to catch his train, contrived to say more than one good thing. A section of us who wandered back to London to hear the first news of the general election had then, as Mr. Cust put it in the *Pall Mall*, "a liver-compelling run for the train," which appropriately closed the Oriental languors of the evening."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

London, July 27, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

I trust that when the much-discussed School of Literature comes into existence, provision, abundant provision, will be made for a Chair of Criticism. I am quite in earnest about the matter. I attach great importance to what the critics say, when they appear to me to speak in good faith and with due comprehension. One has equal contempt for the superficial utterances of certain so-called critics who see in the writing of an article of criticism on a book only the opportunity of displaying their wit their pungency—in one word, of spread

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

g out their tails. Whenever I read a iticism, I try to learn something from ; but as a rule I learn nothing. I ad that so-and so is ungrammatical, ıt the grammatical error is rarely ›inted out ; or that such and such a ssage is of French construction, with-t any indication of how it should read English construction. I want the itics, as the French say, to dot their . They rarely, if ever, do so. One shes to learn from those who profess teach, and one hardly ever does so. his being so, I have at present no very eat respect for many critics, greatly I respect their calling.

José Maria de Herèdia has of late en greatly annoyed by a Marseilles adman, who has been labouring un-r the idea that the sympathetic Acade-ician had placed an electric battery in s (the M. M's) inside, and the result as that whatever de Herèdia did he so had to do. Of this he complained, ough for my part I should be very ad of any appliance which should en-le me to write such sonnets as does sé Maria de Herèdia. The madman, ›wever, complained, and pestered the :ademician with letters. As these :re left unanswered, the madman set .t for Paris, having previously advised . de Herèdia that he was coming to e him, in order that he should remove e obnoxious electric battery. De erèdia informed the police, and the adman is now in the "special infirm-y" of the Depôt prison.

José Maria de Herèdia is one of the ›st voluble talkers to be met with in .risian society. He reminds one of ımas père, and, like him, has mulatto ›od in his veins. And, like Dumas re, his conversation is always so in-resting that one is content to listen. is cultus for literature is exemplary—tside of his art there is nothing that cares for. He has a great veneration the French Academy, and will argue its favour with Alphonse Daudet for urs together. Daudet, however, al-ıys shakes his head, and will not be ıvinced.

Émile Zola has written about one rd of *Rome*, and expects to have fin-ed it towards the end of January next ar, at the rate of four pages of manu-ipt a day. He says that the book is ring him great trouble, as it involves n in so much reading, and he gave me a most formidable list of histories, books of reference, and theological works which he has to assimilate for the purposes of his novel. How far all this assimilation will enhance the interest of *Rome* as a novel remains to be seen ; in the mean while it may be noted that Zola himself is pleased with the book as far as it has gone, and as far as it is planned out. It will be one of his longest works, if not the longest. It will be published in *Le Journal* first of all in serial form. The proprietor of that journal, Fernand Xau, it may be remembered, offered Zola, during his stay in London, and before one line of *Lourdes* was written, a sum of £20,000, money down, if he would assign to him the entire rights of the trio of novels of which Zola is now writing the second volume. Zola refused, although the money, found by a leading chocolate manufacturer, was ready to be paid down. He said that he did not care to bind himself in any way.

It is not often that an author consents to perform in one of his own pieces, and accordingly special interest attached itself to the performance of *La Peur des Coups*, at the *Journal* matinée on the 14th of this month, in which George Courteline, the author of this little piece, performed the principal rôle. He acquitted himself very honourably, and was much applauded. George Courteline is one of the few real humorists in contemporary French literature, which is singularly lacking in humour of any sort. His dialogues and short stories are models of the best French wit. He writes largely, and not without some bitterness, on military life in France. One can see from his description of this life that he has a great grudge against the system. Indeed, during his five years' service as a cavalryman he suffered greatly ; to the extent, indeed, of a ruined constitution and a depressed *morale*, from which he has barely recovered. He is a very melancholy-looking man, pale and *chétif*, and when he talks it is a litany. But his writings brim over with the best fun.

Speaking of humorists reminds me that the other day I met Alphonse Allais, who was very full of some grievance which he described as a public scandal. "Why don't you write an article on the subject?" I asked, knowing that he has the *entrée* to the most influential papers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Paris. "Alas!" he said, "I cannot. Nobody takes me *au sérieux*. I am the 'funny boy,' and can never speak in earnest." I suppose that the Grimaldis of the pen also regret that they can never lay aside the cap and bells.

Alphonse Allais is another of the few contemporary French humorists whose wit is laughable and not lewd. He has modelled himself on the English and American humorists with considerable success. English humour, by the way, is just now in fashion in France, and in default of any of native production is likely to remain so.

Poor Charles Leroy, another humorist, died on the 10th. He leaves behind him in *Colonel Ramollot* a type which will survive as long as the French language is spoken. Colonel Ramollot (*Anglice*, Colonel Dodderer, from *ramolli*, softened) represents the imbecile, foul-mouthed officer who is still to be found in military circles in France. Leroy, who was slightly lame, never was a soldier, and spent his life as a clerk in the offices of one of the big French railway companies. Yet, *pékin* as he was, he succeeded in evolving a type of officer which, although a caricature, seemed so true to life that Colonel Ramollot is as vital as our Mrs. Gamp, or Mr. Pecksniff, or Daudet's Delobelle. His first book about the Colonel was a great success, and for ten years the public bought up eagerly everything that Leroy wrote about his hero. The demand was sufficiently great to induce a publisher to arrange with the author for a weekly *brochure*, sold at a penny, containing some adventure of Ramollot's, and this weekly publication continued for some years, in spite of the fact that to many of us it seemed that Leroy had written all he had to write about the absinthe-drinking, swearing, blustering bully of a colonel. Leroy felt this himself, and tried for success in other fields of humorous literature. He wrote several novels and sketches, such as *The Duellist's Guide to Foul Play*, and so on, but the public had "nailed him to a speciality," as M. de Vogüé put it in his address to Paul Bourget, at the Academy the other day, and would have, from Leroy, Colonel Ramollot and nothing else. It is said that Leroy was much harassed by this, and that of late Colonel Ramollot had become a Frankenstein to him.

Nordau has always refused to allo himself to be "nailed to a speciality." He told me the other day that the rea son why he wrote *Degeneration* was be cause he was sick of always hearin himself spoken of as the author of *Th Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation* Now that he is being spoken of univer sally as the author of *Degeneration*, he i writing a novel—his third—and will no write the philosophical work which h has in his head until he has dissociate himself from the speciality of philo sophical writing. He also means t succeed as a dramatic author. His play till now have been wrecked by the crit ics, many of whom were offended b *Degeneration*.

He lives a very quiet, simple life wit his mother and sister, whom he has en tirely supported since he was sixtee years old. He takes pleasure in noth ing but in work, and neither drinks, no smokes, nor goes out into society. H speaks English, French, Italian, Ge man and Hungarian with equal fluency and can converse in Russian, Spanish and the Scandinavian languages. H is, moreover, an urbane and most am able man. One is glad to know tha he has had more success than comes most men of letters; indeed, of conten porary writers he enjoys perhaps th widest European celebrity.

It is a sign of the times, it may b that the new director of the *Théât Libre* has stated in the course of a re cent interview that he does not inten to confine his *repertoire* exclusively t realistic pieces, *choses vécues*. He mean to take his audiences also into the blu regions of the Ideal. Naturalistic wri ers seem to have had their slices luck, and the inevitable reaction has s in. So much the better.

I saw a strikingly characteristic ph tograph of poor de Maupassant in shop-window the other day, and we in to get a copy. The shopman fetche me the one out of the window, and sa that it was the last portrait of de Ma passant that he had in stock, and adde that he did not intend to restock Ma passant photographs. "Nobody bu them," he said. Maupassant's boo do not sell well, either, it appears.

Now, as people don't buy de Maupa sant's books and don't read him, w can they not leave his name alon Those of us who reverence his name a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constantly being irritated by the pretentions of this or that scribbler to be his literary heir. No, there is no English Maupassant, there is no Australian Maupassant, no Shropshire, no Canadian, no Channel Islands, no Gibraltar Maupassant. It isn't in them. There is only one Maupassant, and that was Guy. He was one of the greatest writers of prose who ever lived, and of fiction he was a past master. He knew, as few men knew it, the inner workings of the human heart. And he died mad, and now nobody reads his books. Let his name be.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

ROMANCE IN MALÂYA.*

Not since Rudyard Kipling sent a thrill of delight through the readers of two continents with the fresh surprise of his discovery of India have we received the same startling pleasure from the exploitation of a foreign country, hitherto shut out from the public ken. Seldom are the elementary and primary human passions of the far-off denizens of the earth brought so close to our perceptiveness as in these revelations of life as it is lived in the Malay Peninsula. Doubtless most of us are familiar with the inconsequent Malay who knocked at De Quincey's door one untoward day and thenceforth transferred his picturesque image to the distorted world of dreams in which the opium-eater was so long imprisoned. Our sole conception of this dusky Oriental has been like that described by De Quincey, "the sallow and bilious-skinned Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany by marine air, with his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations, between whom and us an impassable gulf is fixed, cutting off all communication of ideas." Over this gulf two writers have now thrown a bridge of sympathy and interpretative insight which brings us into touch with the Malay race—a touch which at once warms our feelings toward them and enkindles our imagination with fervour and delight in discovering our kinship with these dwellers in one of the most beautiful and least-known countries in the East. Gradually the veil is being rent between the Occident and the Orient, and the pulses of civilised and barbarian life will soon beat in unison as one purpose and one goal bring men together and as knowledge of the conditions of mankind becomes universal.

Believing as we must that man is properly the most interesting subject of study to mankind, the attempts to awaken an interest in this almost undescribed but deeply interesting people are praiseworthy. Both books are written by men who are intimate with the Malay scenery and Malay character; one of them has spent the best part of his life amongst the people described in his pages and dramatised in the fiction of the other. "The traveller," observes Mr. Swettenham truly, "will come in time, and he will publish his experience of Malâya and the Malays; but while he may look upon the country with a higher appreciation and paint its features with a more artistic touch, he will see few of those characteristics of the people, none of that inner life which I make bold to say is here faithfully portrayed."

Mr. Henry Norman devotes several chapters to Malâya in his picturesque record of travel and philosophical observation, *The Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, which bear out the generalisation of Mr. Swettenham just quoted, and prove that a superficial treatment is all that may be expected from the traveller. It would have added to the value and interest of these Malay sketches, however, had they been accompanied by a map of the Peninsula such as Mr. Norman's book contains. We found considerable difficulty in tracing the landmarks on most of the maps published, and we are indebted to Mr.

* Almayer's Folly. A Story of an Eastern River. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Malay Sketches. By Frank Athelstane Swettenham, Officier d'Academie. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman for the service which he has rendered us in taking pains to present the physical aspect of the Malay States in a graphic manner. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's statement, made in 1869, that "to the ordinary Englishman this is perhaps the least-known part of the globe" is still literally true. This, of course, applies strictly to the lower part of the Peninsula. In 1891 some meagre information was imparted by Captain Foster, R.E., in a little handbook "concerning the Straits Settlements and the Native States of the Malay Peninsula." Very few Europeans have traversed the country. Besides Mr. Norman, only one white man—a Mr. Bozzolo—has penetrated the jungle and crossed the Peninsula from sea to sea. Mr. Norman writes enthusiastically of his journeys in the land of the cocoanut and the kris. "Few districts of the world's surface offer at the same time so picturesque and so novel a field to the explorer. It is a paradise alike to the sportsman, the naturalist, the collector of weapons and silver, the student of men and manners, and the mere seeker after adventure. Of all my travels and experience in the Far East, my journey across the Malay Peninsula was much the most entertaining. In fact, so far as mere surroundings make happiness, I have never enjoyed so many moments which, like Faust, I would have prolonged indefinitely, as during those months of lonely and far-off wandering in the heart of the unknown tropics."

But it is to *Malay Sketches* we must turn for that revelation of the inner life and habits of thinking and acting which has contributed through a series of idealised photographs a new and prevalent form to literature. The idea of localising types of character in certain corners of the globe which are rapidly succumbing to the "irresistible Juggernaut of Progress" has been extended even to the Far East. Mr. Swettenham dwells with a melancholy pathos on the fact that while the Malay of the Peninsula is for the moment as he has been for hundreds of years, he is rapidly approaching the point where education and contact with Western people must produce the inevitable result of disintegration and change. This is the moment of transition, and with a large knowledge of the Malay, gained by winning his confidence, and a ready sympathy with the race which has opened to him the hearts of the people, Mr. Swettenham comes to the rescue with his brush to paint, somewhat after the manner of Lafcadio Hearn, the scenes and figures which have "sweetly crept into the study of his imagination" before they are swept ruthlessly aside. And what he tells us about the people of his affection is truly wonderful: the mingling of savagery and kindness that amounts to devotion and friendship; the sad ignorance and noble conduct worthy of a higher illumination; the barbarous customs and traditions and the refined sensibilities producing fidelity and love; the strong passion and sluggish apathy; the bravery and high courage; the fierce impulsiveness and the "âmok"—such strange commingling of warring instincts and contrasting qualities of character against a background of the most exquisite scenery, the description of which tantalises us and sends the blood hot and cold with its surpassing beauty—all with the tragic fire of life and death which forges another link in the chain of romance! The strange recital of this unfamiliar life fairly carries us from chapter to chapter as each fresh sketch or story reveals new imaginings and stirs our sense of wonder, which so rarely finds such a feast. What gives these sketches more than a pedestrian value is the writer's deep sympathy with his subject. You feel the pulse of pity throbbing through it all; he may make you laugh at the Malay, but he will have you respect him—there is a dignity about the Malay as he is treated here which keeps him on the level of our common hopes and aspirations. Nor may we fall into the error of thinking the writer a sentimentalist; he is a scholar and a soldier—one who evidently has faced death and knows its fears, but whose belief in the immortality of the soul and the equality and fraternity of man has given him the best point of view from which to judge him. "Pure love to every soul of man," one has said, "is the only basis for true judgments of men."

Malay Sketches has appeared at a propitious moment, when Mr. Conrad's novel, *Almayer's Folly*, with its fine analysis and careful study of the Malay nature, tinged with the white man's "civilisation" as exhibited in the half-caste Nina, is destined to excite the wonder of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many readers. *Almayer's Folly* discloses a superior force of imagination and a more vivid characterisation and descriptive power than *Malay Sketches ;* but we are grateful for the latter because of its intimate acquaintance with the habits of life and the traits of character which in a novel are simply pictured forth without larger explanation or elaborate detail, and because for this reason it satisfies a curiosity which the former has aroused. In the *Sketches* there is a wealth of descriptive material which elucidates and throws light upon the springs of action in the novel ; here you have the crude colouring and pigments, there they are wrought into artistic forms which stand forth in proportion as they are related to the dramatic movement of the story.

Almayer's Folly is unmistakably a serious and valuable contribution to literature. The idea is not only original, but the subtle development of the central and ruling motive is splendidly conceived and carried out. The gradual sapping of Almayer's moral and mental powers, the unequal contest going on in his mind between the essential selfishness of a weak moral nature and the affection for his daughter Nina, born of a Malay wife whom he married for the dreams of avarice which she was expected to realise for him ; the sudden gust of passionate uprising against fate—which shows the dignity there is even in the ruins of a man—ere his hopes sink in the night of absolute despair are only equalled by the same masterly portrayal of Nina—poor Nina !—in whose breast there slumbered, despite her education and early training among her father's people, the ineradicable instincts of the Malay mother, which, under favouring circumstances, asserted their racial strength and encompassed the overthrow of the white man. Civilisation had not shown its good side to her, and was only the more despised and detested by contrast with the bravery and vigorous manhood of the Malay lover for whom Nina abandoned her loved and loving European father. She is a fine illustration of what may happen to the Malay in the transition which Mr. Swettenham sees is imminent. The phase of character is a revelation to us, and in this whole story of an Eastern river we are impressed with the fact that a new vein has been struck in fiction. It is a work to make one long for more from the same pen. In the novelty of its local colour, in the daring originality of its dramatic force, in the fresh disclosure of new scenes and characters, in the noble and imaginative handling of life's greatness and littleness, *Almayer's Folly* has no place in the prevalent fiction of the hour, which, like a flooded stream, sweeps past us into oblivion. It leaps at once to a place of its own—a place which ought to rank its author high among novelists worthy of the name in its best sense. In the scenery and atmosphere of the story the hand of the artist reveals itself. The sombre and languid air of a semi-civilised life is most skilfully conveyed—the dreamy river, its islands and reedy banks, the thunder-storms, the thirst for the gains of civilisation, and the contempt for its restraints, are vividly impressed on the imagination. Mr. Conrad has not only achieved a great success in realising for us the fundamental truths underlying existence in a land and among a people almost unknown to the Far West—he deserves it. His book is one to be read and re-read.

James MacArthur.

MR. MALLOCK'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Mallock's new novel is well adapted for making elegant extracts from ; and the extracts would not only be elegantly expressed, they would be fragrant with delicate sentiment, and suggestive of profitable trains of thought. His novels are more or less commonplace books, in which, day by day, he jots down reflections and aphorisms, notes on the events and tendencies of the time, and sketches of character. They are thus timely, and they give one something to think and talk about. But of permanent value there is nothing, save in a few of the reflections ; for the notes on social tendencies have been gathered by a partisan, a philosopher it maybe, but a philosopher who philosophises after he has irrevocably taken his side ; and the characters are too much like interesting specimens, collected for an illustrative purpose, to weld successfully into a story.

It is a serious book, *The Heart of Life.* No one can look on fiction as

*The Heart of Life. By W. H. Mallock. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a light matter who has attempted to read it. Of the school of Mrs. Humphry Ward, appertaining thereto by its pamphlets in dialogue, and by the solemnity of the central figure, it has yet its own characteristics—a bitterness of conviction on the points where Mr. Mallock feels cocksure for one, grace of diction and subtlety of sentiment for another. Mr. Mallock is a sentimentalist who does not readily find a home for his feelings to-day; and his fastidiousness and discontent give an interesting flavour to anything he writes, though these are not good equipments for a novelist. He very naturally endows his hero with them, but alas! he endows him with little else, unless it be a parliamentary air, and a craving after sympathy for his shadowy personality. Reginald Pole is an aristocrat by birth; he is a man of the world; he has lived much abroad, and has experience of English parliamentary life. These should imply certain definite and robust qualities, but Pole's only quality, of which a reader can be convinced, is his unfailing gentility. A genteel aristocrat! What a blow has been struck at our ideals.

Mr. Mallock evidently started out with the idea that Pole should be no milksop, and went so far as to make him be in love with three ladies at the same time—but always genteelly. Number one, whose connection with him had been close in times past, is now married to an eccentric husband; number two is a fascinating cousin, Countess Shimna; number three, a saintly young woman called Ethel de Souza, who flatters him tremendously. He thinks he is badly treated by all of them—by Pansy, because from her husband's house she writes matter-of-fact and sensible notes in answer to his sentimental effusions; by Shimna, because she marries the wealthy *fiancé* of her girlhood, after casting at Pole, as at all the rest of the world, some fascinating glances; and by Miss de Souza, because she says, though he is the greatest man in the world, she loves him only like a brother. The selfishness of all three, because they do not come and minister balm and healing to the wounded soul of this flourishing young politician, is a terrible thing for his soul to regard. So he whimpers through three volumes—it is genteel and modulated whimpering—about the domestic hearth he would like to preside at, the woman who would sit there ever ready with the ointment, and the prayers he would like to say, but mustn't, because he is an interesting agnostic.

Fiction is always illustrated in the mind's eye of a careful reader; and Pole, till his shadowy form sink into oblivion for ever, will sit kid-gloved and with spotless cambric at the grave of those old beliefs which go so well with a long descent, with a fine park in the West of England, and with office in the Conservative party. We are grateful to the delightful parson financier of simple tastes, who, with a tale of investments in Australian mines and fourteen per cent., gambles away his friends' thousands on the Stock Exchange. Canon Bulman is a flaring caricature, but if his awful fate be a warning to amateur detectives of his order, we say good luck to Mr. Mallock's mission. There are other personages, too, that give variety, piquancy, and a certain up-to-date observation; but the gentility, the air of having the whole gospel of good society entrusted to him, sap the worth and the manliness of even so able a writer as Mr. Mallock. The Heart of Life is, we suppose, the peaceful love of wife and child, and, if possible, the simple religious faith for which his hero was ever searching. On this, when Pole is not his exponent, he speaks with much tenderness and beauty. But life's heart-beats have many meanings: he does not know them all. And they will always be faint and feeble where finnicking gentility makes poor the blood.

Annie Macdonell.

GERTRUDE HALL'S NEW VOLUME.*

"If I can write a story," says Mr. H. C. Bunner, in a recent number of the *Century*, "which will make you believe, *while you are reading it*, that when my hero was strolling down Fifth Avenue to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Kindergarten Club, he met a green dragon forty-seven feet long, with eighteen legs and three tails, and that the green dragon wept bitterly and inquired the way to a cheese shop—why, that's realism."

Upon this principle, no doubt, Miss Gertrude Hall is a realistic story-teller;

* Foam of the Sea. By Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

otherwise one might be led to ascribe to *Foam of the Sea, and Other Tales* certain characteristics bordering upon idealism. They are sketches of the impressionist school, of which they share the faults as well as the virtues. The impressionist, whether in painting or literature (it is not without significance that impressionism in sculpture is an impossibility) usually has a story to tell; and no doubt he has as much right to tell it in broad splashes of colour as by means of millions of fine lines on wood or copper—provided always that he does really tell it; that we believe, while we are looking or listening in the green dragon with the particularly inconvenient number of legs and tails.

The tale (not of the dragon) which gives name to Miss Hall's present volume is an attempt to convey the impression produced upon her own mind by the sea and seacoast; it does not seem necessary to say the Grecian seacoast, though she has resorted to Greek mythology for some of her personages and located them on a Mediterranean island; the resulting impression is, however, thoroughly American. And there is no question that she makes us believe in the green dragon; we feel it all, the fascination, the savagery, the fulness of life, the semi-divine *something* always just beyond and forever unattainable; and then one closes the book in something of a pet and says, "How could I —I! yield to so poor a spell as that?"

Now we submit, that such a result as this is not worth working for, and that Miss Hall can do better—as, indeed, she has proved in the second story in this volume, "In Battlereagh House," where the portrait of the chaplain is of exquisite tenderness and beauty. "Powers of Darkness" is a psychological study of a young woman who believes herself possessed of a devil; it shows the value of impressionism in art, inasmuch as a more careful working out of details would have lessened the force of the *motif*, or perhaps, we should say, "weakened the impression." "The Late Returning" is less meritorious; "The Wanderers" is a pagan tale thinly veneered with Christianity, and "Garden Deadly" is the old story of Circe, who might as well, in our poor opinion, be let alone for all future time. There is, however, something of fascination even in this, and in the very modernised Heracles, with his club and his boyish innocence; moreover, we desire to record our gratitude to Miss Hall, who has succeeded where other writers have failed (Marie Corelli, for example), and, however sensuous, is never sensual.

But why, oh why! should Miss Hall "sling English all over the ten-acre lot," as little Frank Minor would say, in another sense? Is it essential to impressionism to use words from the Jabberwocky language? "Some lovelily strange development," "indefinably tormented," "exquisitely tantalised," the sea's "innumerable smile" can only be defended by one who claims Humpty Dumpty's privilege of making words mean whatever he chooses they shall. And "tapering off" is destructive certainly to the impressionism of an Italianesque tale. We have great charity for Miss Hall, especially as we imagine that we detect in her traces of the influence of—strange to say—no less a person than George Meredith. The following passage is certainly Meredithian, but the phrases are well chosen and picturesque: "The little upstart half-sister must surely rue her presumption confronted with the honest mirror; divine, if you pleased to say so, the young half-sister—ay, a divine young minister of drink to the higher gods, beside the Queen of Olympus herself! Mistress Berenice could vanquish her by every feature; the habit of victory was all in her face!" Why, however, not simply "in her face"? Wherefore that little word "all"? Miss Hall has by nature something of that novelist's gift of phrase-making, and also something of the weakness through which he stereotypes his own originality. Perhaps Mr. Meredith can do this with comparative safety, but lesser lights had best beware. Would that Miss Hall, for example, might cast aside all weights, and the affectation which doth so easily beset us, and tell the tale, trippingly upon the tongue, with simplicity, and in any manner that suits herself and her story, so that it be in English.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

SÓNYA KOVALÉVSKY.*

Between 1860 and 1870 the educated classes of Russian society were occupied

* Sónya Kovalévsky: Her Recollections of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a serious question—the discord between the parents and children—and an epidemic seized upon the latter, especially the girls, of fleeing from the family roof to join the youthful community of Nihilists in St. Petersburg, where the young people lived in full communism. The mirage they followed was a desire for the freedom and progress of their native land by raising its intellectual standards. Sónya Kovalévsky is one of the products of this unnatural plant. Of these two books, the Macmillan edition is the more attractive, for judicious editing has relieved both memoir and autobiography of monotonous detail and wearisome verbiage. It also contains an interesting chapter on "Rural Pleasures," which affords a glimpse into the wild and picturesque forests of Russia, and adds a touch of colour to the book. This is omitted in Miss Hapgood's redundant version, which, on the other hand, gives a more intimate analysis of Mme. Kovalévsky's character. This edition is so greatly overweighted with various biographies, notes, and appendices that to read it suggests an oppressive task instead of a pleasure; yet it will give the reader a different point of view.

It is never safe to take one admiring woman's testimony of another, for women are prone to elevate their worship of each other into a cult that blinds them to temperate criticism, and despite the eulogies of the Duchess of Cajanello, the readers of her biography of Sónya Kovalévsky and the recollections of the latter must receive the impression that she was an unlovable, headstrong, heartless woman; considering no one; exacting admiration and service from all with no desire to give in return; and whose actions were always determined by selfish motives placed under the description of duty. She began her independent life by putting herself into a false position by one of those peculiar "fictitious marriages" so popular in Russia in her day, and sorrow, remorse, and various unhappy episodes succeeded each other until the yarn of her existence became one hopeless tangle of dark threads. It is true that she won honours: she held the chair of higher mathematics in the University of Stockholm, and wrote many works on mathematics and science, still quoted to-day, one of which brought her a prize from the Institute of France. She was greatly gifted in mathematics and science, but totally devoid of æsthetic tastes, and with no trace of the artist or idealist in mind or spirit. Even her partial biographer admits this: "She did not possess a finely cultivated sense of beauty. The most unattractive landscape might be beautiful in her eyes if it suited her mood, and she could be indifferent to the most exquisite outlines and colours if she were personally out of sympathy with the scene. . . . I cannot help mentioning the absence of all artistic appreciation in a nature otherwise so richly gifted. She had spent years of her life in Paris, but had never visited the Louvre. Neither pictures, sculpture, nor architecture ever attracted her attention."

Sónya Kovalévsky's life was a tremendous failure from its beginning to its end, in 1891, when she died of a broken heart. She realised this herself, writing in her diary: "It is a great misfortune to have a talent for science—especially for a woman who is forcibly drawn into a sphere of action where she cannot find happiness." Her recollections of childhood give many intimate descriptions of Russian home life, but they are not particularly interesting nor suggestive. Perhaps they have lost their charm in the translation. It is possible that these books may be widely read as a sort of pendant to Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal;* but the old question is sure to arise—of what profit shall it be if a woman gain knowledge and fame, and does not enlarge the sphere of her usefulness and widen her sympathies? Though Sónya Kovalévsky's biographer speaks of her "exquisite tenderness," there is nothing in this book to show that she ever did a kind, or even a human act. She left her husband at a malicious report which she waited not to investigate, and the untruthfulness of which in after years she believed; she neglected her daughter, living apart from her that

Childhood. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. With a Biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello. Translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley. And a Biographical Note by Lily Wolffsohn. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

Sónia Kovalévsky: I. Memoir, by A. C. Leffler (Edgren), Duchessa di Cajanello. II. Reminiscences of Childhood in Russia, written by herself. Translated into English by Louise von Cossel. New York: Macmillan and Co. $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she might continue her work of educating other people's children undisturbed; and would not interrupt her course of lectures when summoned to the bedside of her dying sister; and this is the woman her biographers would have us believe to be "a marvel of mental development and beautiful womanhood, or a kind of giantess of such extraordinary proportions that you regard her with wonder and admiration"!

Both of these books are pervaded with a revolutionary spirit, which may render them attractive to certain minds; but to the student the insight into the social condition of Russia and the development of the type, especially as relating to the evolution of the woman dominating the hour, will be of greater interest than the analysis of Mme. Kovalévsky's mental and moral construction.

Esther Singleton.

MY LADY NOBODY.*

Never until now perhaps has prose fiction been so pervaded by that sorrow and mystery of human life which produced the great epics of the human race. One of the earliest utterances to the living of this feeling—*Das Weltschmertz*—came from Russia, in the voice of Tolstoy. The same note was sounded in Norway by Ibsen, in Germany by Sudermann, and in Belgium by Maeterlinck, until it echoes at present throughout the greater part of the world of letters. In England, France, Spain, Italy, and America no single giant mind battles alone to wrest the unknowable from the unknown as these strong souls are battling; but the general trend of lesser writers, according to their strength, is in the same direction of deep eternal unrest. This struggle of the natural with the supernatural has at last become *Die Zeitgeist*—the distinctive spirit of the age. Insoluble spiritual problems are now so universally interwoven with fiction that a novel dealing with what is soluble in humanity has become noticeably rare.

In this respect nearly all the writings of Mr. Maarten Maartens stand apart from those of the other leading novelists of the day. And nowhere in his work is the characteristic more strikingly shown than in his latest novel, *My Lady Nobody*. The whole story lies between clearly defined lines of actuality. Its problems of both right and wrong fall within the domain of everlasting experience. They are forever susceptible of natural solution. And not only does the author deal solely with the known, but he deals with the known as it has been established in Holland from of old. All the characters, with two exceptions, are Dutchmen and Dutchwomen, who—whether they have lived out of their own country before the story opens, or leave it during its progress—remain Dutch to the core, as is always true of this people in life. The tissue of events spun about the actors is no less characteristically Dutch than they are. The story marches with Dutch steadiness, thoroughness, and composure. The very light flooding most of the scenes is the blazing sunlight of that land. The vivid colour of the work has the gaiety of its straight borders of flowers. Epigrams are planted on every page like the rows of trees along its watercourses. The quietude of its movement is like the placid lives of its people. The broadening towards the end is like its horizon where the level earth is lost in sea and sky.

In drawing all eyes upon his quaint little land, Mr. Maartens stands as a moral teacher—where the greatest always stand—on the side of the right. His characters reach it sometimes through deep and muddy water; sometimes they fail to reach it and are swept away; but the lofty aim is held steadily in sight, and the causes of the tragedy are always visible and always natural. These inevitable consequences of the wrongdoing, the frailty and mistakes of humanity, furnish the shadows that chasten the broad sunshine. And one is tempted to wish—for art's sake—that these shadows were more numerous and deeper, for Mr. Maartens's humour broadens now and then to the verge of burlesque. In the white feather episode it passes the line of legitimate comedy into a farce of both art and nature. The scene is an unsightly blemish upon the dignified beauty of the work, and it assumes disproportionate importance for the reason that it is made the pivotal incident of the story.

* My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To find fault with Mr. Maartens for the over-abundance of his wit seems less fair than to cavil at the breadth of his humour. And yet one is forced to doubt whether whole communities anywhere talk so largely in small epigram. Granting that they do so in Holland—since we know little fictitiously about that country outside of Mr. Maartens's novels—the wit of his work still remains the weakness of the story, as well as its strength. These brilliant things which he scatters with such lavish hands divert the reader's serious attention. One wants to carry a pilgrim's scrip, to stop on almost every page, and turn back now and again to gather them, regardless of the onward movement of the story. The mastery of a foreign language which enables the author to do this, to dazzle with witticisms as prisms are flashed in the sun, is not the least remarkable feature of Mr. Maartens's work. The sole indication that English is not his native tongue is the occasional use of a somewhat more forcible term than an English writer of equal refinement would be likely to employ. But the latter defect is so slight and so infrequent as to be unworthy of mention, could it not be pointed out as enhancing rather than detracting from the unique charm of his writing.

Mr. Maartens has done in literature what his countrymen did in history. He has cut the dykes which have so long hidden his own country from the rest of the world. In taking us into the heart of Holland, and giving us a word painting far more effective than any canvas by Van Ostande, he has dispelled a widespread erroneous impression of his countrymen; of their physical characteristics, of their habits of thought, and manner of life. For, whether this impression arose from the early history of the Dutch in America, from satire, or from certain national traits which have disappeared with the progress of civilisation, the impression was unquestionably almost universal among Americans that the Dutch were the impersonation of respectable, but utterly uninteresting dulness. Mr. Maartens's fine, delicate portrayal comes therefore as a delightful revelation, and in making it he serves us no less than his own countrymen. For whoever shows a people to be refined instead of coarse, sensitive instead of stolid, witty instead of dull, and intellectual instead of unintellectual, has wrought a benefit to all mankind.

N. H. B.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.*

It is strange that the Napoleonic revival should not sooner have produced at least a volume or two on the great captain who, among English-speaking peoples, at any rate, is popularly regarded as the conqueror of Bonaparte. However, we have now before us, side by side with the story of Napoleon's decline, a very timely monograph supplementing it with a concise account of the rise of Wellington which coincides chronologically with the progress of that decline. The two books are, therefore, practically one, and may be very profitably read together. It is an interesting circumstance, also, that they should be written by the two men who are at the present time regarded as England's foremost soldiers. Lord Wolseley is popularly known in England as "our only general," while by a humorous afterthought Lord Roberts has been styled "our only other general;" so that it is not a little interesting to see what view the most conspicuous commanders in England to-day take of the most dangerous opponent their country ever had. Lord Wolseley's volume deals with the career of Bonaparte from the end of his Russian campaign to his final defeat at Waterloo, and starts with the hypothesis that throughout this whole period Napoleon was no longer physically and mentally the same man who had fought at Rivoli and Austerlitz. Lord Wolseley detects in the execution of all his latest strategic plans a certain incompleteness which had never been observable before. He dwells especially upon the mysterious malady which came upon Napoleon at the most critical moments of his last campaigns, at moments when his still brilliantly faultless plans were about to achieve success, and needed only a few more hours of vigorous supervision to overthrow armies and alter the

* The Decline and Fall of Napoleon. By Viscount Wolseley. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
The Rise of Wellington. By Lord Roberts. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Napoleon. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by John B. Larner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course of history. It was in these supreme moments, as Lord Wolseley records, that a sudden and irresistible lethargy came over the Emperor, making it absolutely impossible for him to continue on horseback or in the exercise of his command, and thus forcing him to leave to subordinates the conduct of operations that needed his presence and authority for their success. The summing up of the whole matter, in Lord Wolseley's opinion, is that had it not been for the decay of his physical powers, Napoleon would have conquered a peace in 1814, so that Waterloo would never have been fought, or had this mysterious illness not seized him at Waterloo he would have beaten Wellington and outgeneralled the Prussians; for Lord Wolseley's admiration of Napoleon's capacity is absolutely unstinted. "I believe Napoleon to have been by far the greatest of all great men," he emphatically says. His conclusions regarding the outcome at Waterloo are especially noteworthy, for the orthodox English view is that Napoleon was beaten before Blücher arrived, and that the Prussians only succeeded in turning an already assured defeat into a rout. Hear, however, Lord Wolseley:

"No one can be better aware, no one can be prouder than I am, of the magnificent courage and steadiness of the British soldier at Waterloo; but when every allowance is made for it, the honest historian must admit that it was the splendid audacity of the Prussian move upon St. Lambert and the French right, due to the personal loyalty of Prince Blücher to Wellington and in opposition to the strategic views of Gneisenau, that determined the fate of Napoleon's army at Waterloo."

Lord Wolseley exonerates Grouchy, whose only fault he considers to have been a too close adherence to his orders in not following the "cannon thunder," as did the successful generals in the Franco-German War. He also, both directly and by implication, shows how clumsily Wellington managed the purely strategic part of the campaign, being in his preliminary manœuvres utterly uninformed of the movements of the French, and blundering about in a fashion which Lord Wolseley charitably attributes to the inefficiency of his staff. It is made very plain that such success as the English gained at Waterloo was gained not by generalship, but by the remarkable tenacity and stubborn fighting qualities of the British soldier—a verdict that history gives upon so many battles won by English troops. In fact, taking the two volumes together, it may be said that Lord Wolseley strips Wellington of much of his prestige as a soldier; while Lord Roberts, who admires his generalship, paints him in the most unflattering colours as a man, throwing a strong light upon his selfishness, his vanity, his meanness, and his snobbery, and displaying him as one to whom no friend could come for help, who turned his back upon his old companions-in-arms in order to pose as a man of high fashion, and who, years after his campaigns were over, put officially on record a contemptible slur upon the brave men who had won for him his victories.

Mr. Larner's translation of Dumas's *Napoléon* is probably among the last of such books that we shall see at the present time. It has no historical value, and is interesting only because no account of Napoleon's career can be uninteresting. The translator tells us in his preface that he undertook the work as part of a course in the study of French; and it must be said that occasionally it reads like an exercise. Mr. Larner is very much confused in giving the proper English form to foreign names, especially Russian ones, which he finds in the French, speaking of "the House of Bragance," for Braganza, leaving *de* in German names instead of replacing it with *von*, and occasionally lapsing into ordinary Gallicisms, as when he gives us "One came to tell Ney," etc. (*on vint*) on p. 130. And why does he measure distance in "toises"? "There was between them . . . an interval of five hundred toises" (p. 120). To an English or American reader parasangs would be more intelligible.

P. K.

NATURAL RIGHTS.*

To the non-philosophic reader the denial of the theory of natural rights may seem a distinctly revolutionary idea; yet, on the contrary, it was by the promoters of revolution that the doctrine was at first affirmed. As Professor Ritchie shows, in his admirable historical survey of his subject, the theory is

* Natural Rights: A Criticism of Some Political and Ethical Conceptions. By David G. Ritchie. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

primarily negative—"an appeal from authorities that had lost their sacredness," back to a supposed original state of nature, in which man had been possessed of "certain unalienable rights," which were the foundations of those acquired in society. It was, moreover, the result of essentially the same spirit as that of Protestantism. "Calvin's Geneva in due time brought forth Rousseau; and English Puritanism on American soil produced the Declaration of Independence." It is in its negative and abstract character that Mr. Ritchie condemns the theory.

The first half of the work is largely taken up with this historical sketch of the theory, and though it is but a sketch, it is a very welcome addition to the literature of the subject, giving as it does an interpretation rather than a history. What we still desire is a thorough examination of the opinions of the later scholastics and earlier modern thinkers in regard to the meaning of *nature* and *natural law*. Even the doctrines of Hobbes and his critics sorely need a more historical discussion of their significance, viewed in the light of earlier theories.

In the remainder of his work Professor Ritchie gives us a criticism of some of the particular natural rights, such as those to life, liberty, toleration, and property. If it is necessary to find fault with this portion, it is only because we feel that our author might have given us something better than criticism. It is true that his criticism conceals construction, but the impression left is distinctly negative. We feel our natural rights slipping away from us before we are quite sure of any other basis than that in nature. It is only at the last that the moral of the book is drawn, and some use made of the fruitful analysis of the varied meanings of the term *nature*. The excellence of this conclusion is what makes us regret it had not begun sooner.

Instead of the theory of natural rights based on the absolute independence of the individual, we here receive a doctrine more in harmony with the trend of modern scientific thinking. Society is considered as an organism, each part of which exists in necessary relation to the whole, whose good alone determines what rights shall be allowed to the individual—that is, utility is the basis of rights. But utility is not interpreted in the old abstract sense of pleasure. On the contrary, pleasure is good only in so far as it is useful in the preservation and advancement of society. Mr. Ritchie admits the apparent vagueness involved in his inability to determine more definitely what is useful to society, but holds that it is inseparable from the very idea of an evolution that the end cannot be fully known from the beginning. Society itself determines what is fittest by the test of survival. Hence "an adequate theory of rights and an adequate theory of the State must rest upon a philosophy of history; and steady progress in political and social reform cannot be made unless there is a willingness to learn the lessons of experience, and a reasonable reverence for the long toil of the human spirit in that past from which we inherit not only our problems, but the hope and the means of their solution"—a principle no less valuable in philosophy than in politics.

Norman Wilde.

THE GOLDEN AGE.*

The Golden Age is, as all know, the period of childhood. In vain do the "grown ups" ask "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" In the little volume before us—a book very attractive to the eye, as are most of the books issued by this house—the "grown ups" are nicknamed the "Olympians," and such is the title of the Prologue, which one reads with that delightful sensation—as of a mental cold-water bath—which is occasioned by dipping into a fresh and sincere bit of writing. The author is, evidently, one of those who speak in their natural voice, the ring and the music of it unextracted by any consideration as to whether the output will be "marketable"—a consideration which sucks the life-blood out of half the writing of to-day. The water-mark of spontaneity in literature, though hard to describe, is unmistakable, and it is stamped on every story in *The Golden Age*. In the Prologue the reading Olympian is forced to see himself as the children—the children of this volume at least—see him, "stiff

* The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25 net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and colourless, . . . equally without vital interests and intelligent pursuits." This criticism of the Olympians is, from a youngster's point of view, logical enough, but it is not childlike. Children, fortunately, take people very much as they find them, and they are far more charitable than are the Olympians themselves.

Moreover, Kenneth Grahame makes his children declare that "these hopeless and incapable creatures, . . . these elders, our betters by a trick of chance, command no respect, but only a certain envy—of their good luck—and pity—of their inability to make use of it." Children, most children, do not feel in this way, as is evident from their conduct. With what a trust, a trust almost pathetic, do the great body of little folk regard their elders! And with what lovingkindness do they overlook such errors as their own beloved Olympians may commit! One who understood this better said, "Except ye become as little children."

Save in this hostile attitude of his young heroes and heroines, Kenneth Grahame interprets child life with striking sympathy and truth, and at this point it is only fair to quote the author himself. He opens the book by saying: "Looking back to those days of old, ere the gate shut to behind me, I can see now that to children with a proper equipment of parents these things would have worn a different aspect. But to those whose nearest were aunts and uncles, a special attitude of mind may be allowed." However, the explanation hardly explains, since the children of these stories are pictured as happy, healthy youngsters, debarred from no natural pleasures, and even treated with a degree of indulgence, considering their roguish tendencies. Yet this note of criticism and hostility is sounded throughout the volume, marring an otherwise strong and true representation of child nature.

So delightfully genuine are the sympathy and livelin ss with which the exploits of these children are recorded that the reader must needs hark back to his own childhood, and then look with kindlier eyes on the pranks and freaks of those who dwell in the Golden Age. Herein lies the true value of the book: it puts the Olympian in the child's place, so that he catches once more that "visionary gleam" which has faded out of his own life. And it is well for him to be reminded that there is one light for the child and another for himself. There is no "balance of power" in the case of adults and their young charges, and an arbitrary ruler should at least seek enlightenment. *The Golden Age* is an enlightener of adult stupidity.

Several of these stories are fine studies of the workings of a child's imagination, reproducing the very glamour in which the Golden Age is bathed. The best of these are "Alarums and Excursions" and "The Finding of the Princess." "Alarums and Excursions" is a charming bit of word painting. We see the children playing at Knights of the Round Table, and following far a band of exercising cavalry, in the hope of seeing a very bloody battle. When our young hero finds the Princess, an Olympian is sitting beside her in a pavilion.

> "Hello, Sprat!" he said, with some abruptness, "where did you spring from?"
>
> "I came up the stream," I explained, politely and comprehensively, "and I was only looking for the Princess."
>
> "Then you are a water baby," he replied. "And what do you think of the Princess, now you've found her?"
>
> "I think she is lovely" (I said, and doubtless I was right, having never learned to flatter). "But she's wide awake, so I suppose somebody has kissed her!"

The first story, "A Holiday," is one of the best in the volume. "A boy's will is the wind's will," and the boy, lightly following the wind whithersoever it leads him, runs up against the hard fact that law and license are incompatible. In this chapter, as in several others, there is a delicate touching on the problems of life, an outreaching and a questioning, which lend a world-wide interest to the unpretentious tale of a boy's doings. In "The Secret Drawer" and "The Roman Road" we find again that suggestion of something deeper than childish adventure—a momentary, shadowy glimpse, as though a mist had lifted and quickly fallen again. "The Burglars" and "The Blue Room" are full of young laughter and roguery, while "The Whitewashed Uncle" throws out a pretty broad hint to any Olympian who would fain be popular with the little people.

"Young Adam Cupid" and "What They Talked About" show the author

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so wise in the lore of child nature that the chapter "Sawdust and Sin" is simply amazing in its error. Here a conceit possible to an adult only is foisted on the mind of a child with a result which is far from pleasing. Fancy a boy of tender years interpreting the conduct of a Japanese doll (who is seated beside a glowing wax beauty) as follows:

"Carried away by his passion, he fell sideways across Rosa's lap. One arm stuck stiffly upwards, as in passionate protestation; his amorous countenance was full of entreaty. Rosa hesitated—wavered—and yielded, crushing his slight frame under the weight of her full-bodied surrender."

The writing Olympian must confess! He thought this out in his study, and while the inspiration of his insight was far from him. Children do indeed have ideas about love and love affairs, but they are so deliciously, so alarmingly innocent and quaint in their conception of such matters! There is nothing innocent about this passage.

"A Falling Out" and "Exit Tyrannus" are the only stories which could send a lump to the most sensitive throat; indeed, the author seems rather to have missed his opportunities for tenderness and pathos. His chief power lies in fitting to the reader's eyes those glasses through which the little ones look out upon this world of ours—glasses made largely of imagination and innocence and ignorance, and all shot with rosy and golden lights, but sometimes dimmed by the ruthless fingers of stupid Olympians. And would any such know how the universe looks to children, he is recommended to see it through the pages of *The Golden Age*.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

HALF A CENTURY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

The new humour has invaded the minister's study and cuts its capers with fantastic delight and with the conceit of a jolly good fellow through the 228 pages of clerical reminiscences which sprout from the reverend gentleman's "dead leaves and living seeds." From the contents of a deal box marked "D. L.," which properly means "Deputy Lieutenant," but here stands for "Dead Leaves," the Rev. Harry Jones has disinterred the "jotted memories of a busy life, though (however meaningless to others) they are naturally the record of much that has been keenly interesting to myself." "When I draw a sheet," he says, "from this papery deposit (as I did the other day), it strikes a spark into the tinder-box of recollection, which soon spreads itself, showing clusters of rekindled aspirations, experiments, mistakes, successes, and failures long past, though once they had their effect upon the worker himself, let alone those among whom (for good or ill) he was called to work." But among these "dead leaves" there be some that "retain enough unfulfilled vitality (in the shape of warning or encouragement) to deserve the name of 'living seeds.' And I ask myself whether some record of efforts made, errors committed, and impressions received during a long ministerial life might not possibly help in the steerage of two or three younger lives, and thus encourage me in its compilation. At any rate, I will try."

And the result is not without a measure of success. Many will demur at the facetious tone which a certain light humour, sometimes flippant but never irreverent, imparts to this interesting record of half a century in the far from commonplace biography of a clerical life. The lavish use of parentheses which he seems to adopt for his "asides" mars almost on every page a most excellent vehicle of style for an unwearied garrulousness which is as entertaining as is its delightful egoism. The result is ludicrous at times, often degenerating to mere smartness, and sometimes confusing, as thus: "I did not know so much of Phillips Brooks, whom I visited at Boston, and who, the last time I saw him, communicated (as did also Dr. Asa Gray), before sailing home (he refused to take any part in the service) at my church."

For the nonce, the Rev. Harry Jones throws aside the prefix with his clerical dignity and the stalking-horse of sacerdotalism and steps out in this volume as a man among men who has something interesting to say, not too wisely, not too well, but in the manner of one who has gone through a hard day's work and is now chatting amiably over the nuts and wine. And the account

* Fifty Years; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds. By Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the Rev. Harry Jones (one can't say plain "Jones" of a clergyman) gives of himself shows evidence of a life of great activity and ministerial industry. The variety of his labours and the vicissitudes of his career—from preaching to Californian miners in a pine-tree forest, to clergy at Lambeth—invest his experiences with a sort of wisdom which is largely suggestive if not always practicable for others, and which also clothes his style with an abundant versatility. One is reminded, rather forcibly sometimes, of Coleridge's metaphor that experience is like the stern lamp of a ship, which only sheds light on the path already traversed. The value of the record of any life will always be in proportion as it contains, to quote Emerson, "the power to inspire." Perhaps the paucity of this quality is to be remarked in the present volume, but there is a bracing air about it as of one whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, and whose life on the whole has been a success, which is contagious. With all its faults—and they are chiefly defects of style and a tendency to take things lightly that are usually weighed seriously—it is a most interesting and unusual work in clerical autobiography, a work that deserves to be widely read if only for its robust expression of a sane and healthful personality.

J. M.

MORE JUVENILES.

Since the "bundling of the books" by Mr. Brooks in the July BOOKMAN, several new publications have come to hand which will help to eke out the young people's store of summer reading. The first volume of a new series, the All-Over-the-World Library, by the indefatigable Oliver Optic, has just come out in a glorious cover that will make the eyes of every boy dance with pure delight. *Across India; or, Live Boys in the Far East*, takes the Belgrave family to Bombay and Surah, and continues their journey through Lahore, Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares, visiting the scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion, upon which and other subjects of historical interest the author expands in his rôle of informer-in-ordinary to the young. Nor does he fail to keep up the "thrill" of excitement; and, whether on land or sea, he is always ready with the novel if incredible element which is essentially Optician. The story is told in his usual illimitable manner. There are eight illustrations—one of them representing a tiger poised on the horns of a bull in a highly realistic style. (Lee and Shepard, $1.25.)

The same publishers have just issued a new illustrated story by Samuel Adams Drake, entitled *The Watch Fires of '76* ($1.25), which recounts the incidents and vicissitudes of various old pensioners who fought through the conflict of the Revolution. The aim of the author is to tell the story of the war as experienced by the actual rank and file of the army, and this, together with the new material and historical setting which Colonel Drake has brought to his task, gives his book a novel and fresh interest for boys who are already well acquainted with the history of the Revolution. Messrs. Lee and Shepard also add to their War of 1812 Series a new volume, entitled *The Boy Soldiers of 1812* ($1.50), by Everett T. Tomlinson, with many illustrations by "Shute." *Thomas Boobig* ($1.50), a sort of fairy tale or grotesque, comes from the same firm. It contains "a complete enough account of his life and singular disappearance," after many curious and puzzling "incidents and accidents," soon after his twenty-first birthday. The suggestion of a reappearance on earth of the Titans, who were banished to remote islands in space and to subterranean regions, is attempted in this story after a manner that will amuse the older readers as well as the younger.

As a boy the writer can remember with what pleasure and avidity he read biography, and especially, although later in point of time, Carlyle's *Life and Letters of Cromwell*. Messrs. Harper and Brothers have published a new edition of Dr. George H. Clark's *Oliver Cromwell* ($1.25), which appeared originally in 1893 through the D. Lothrop Company, and which is well suited to fire the boy's love of brave and manly acts of courage and daring. "It is a book of enthusiasm," says Charles Dudley Warner in his Introduction, "a warm-hearted vindication of a great man, written with a clear American comprehension of the principles that underlay the great liberating movement of the seventeenth century in England. . . . It will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found intensely interesting, and will awaken a glow of admiration for one of the most sturdy and indomitable spirits in history. Our sympathy is with the modern spirit of the Commonwealth, and we feel that its ruler was our kin." Boys love these very virtues above all things in their ideals of the "glorious men of fight and fame," and Cromwell, who in "the list of world heroes stands near the top," is the kind of hero which a boy will worship and whose character will reflect itself on his plastic nature.

Sophie May knows the hearts and the minds of little children. This has been apparent to any reader of those volumes—to which *Jimmy Boy* is a worthy addition—in Little Prudy's Children Series (Lee and Shepard). Jimmy Boy is a human boy, but not one of the obnoxiously barbarous kind. He possesses all the tendencies to do wrong, and the temptations sometimes are a little too strong, and he succumbs; but there is an active germ of honour in his healthy soul. He is not afraid to acknowledge a fault. It is a question as to who will most enjoy reading about the adventures of Jimmy Boy, the little folks, who will see in him a double of themselves in many ways, and appreciate the account of his scrapes, or the "grown-ups" who have lived the life that sometimes seems so hard to Jimmy Boy. The interest in Jimmy Boy never flags. He is the *ewig* small boy of life in the full health of a fine natural character. The title of the story may not attract readers beyond twenty years of age, but they should certainly make the attempt.

In Max Pemberton's *The Impregnable City* ($1.25)—though not written directly for them—boys will find a pure, wholesome story of adventure, free from modern cant and weariness, and full of the breath of healthy excitement and intrepid daring. Max Pemberton successfully edited a leading boys' periodical in England for some years, and it is inevitable that one who knows a boy's needs so well should appeal through his imaginative work to the boy in all of us.

An Old Boy.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

Bessie Costrell is the central figure in a story altogether different from any that Mrs. Ward has written before. Many critics have advised her over and over again to give up the popular social-and-religious-pamphlet novel, and, whether at their instigation or not, she has entered another field. The new story, simpler in subject, is really far more ambitious than her former ones, for it deals with a kind of life where Mrs. Ward's culture, and her acquaintance with the ways of thought of educated and intellectually aspiring persons, are of no use at all. Knowledge of human nature, sympathy with what has hitherto been outside her keenest interests, are the requisites for success. To succeed here is to be a real novelist, as distinguished from a descriptive reporter of more or less temporary phases of life and thought. It is astonishing that the writer of *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve* has succeeded so far as she has done. In some important features the book must be pronounced distinctly good. There is no tone of patronage in it; there is no wailing over the fact that the villagers of Clinton Magna have few aspirations after higher things. There is a philosophical acceptance of life as it frequently is—stolid, unideal, and sordid—in any English village. If surprise at this be offensive to Mrs. Ward's admirers, let our hearty acknowledgment of her now proven humanity serve as apology. The writing, too, is, we think, the best she has put into a work of fiction; it is more compressed, more vigorous, and, especially where scenery has to be described, more artistically effective than she has led us to expect from her. Nevertheless, we lay down the book with deep dissatisfaction. What did she write it for? What else does it give in the end but gratuitous pain? Bessie Costrell is a village woman who is given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an old man's savings to guard. They are considerable in amount. She steals the money, sovereign by sovereign, and drinks and treats her neighbours, and when all is found out, she commits suicide. The tale has its possibilities. But to make it a tragedy our pity, our sympathy, or our indignation must be roused. Temptation, resistance, final surrender, remorse, struggle, and despair, are almost the inevitable course of the writer who could make us regard this as anything save a sordid, commonplace tale. But Mrs. Ward's Bessie Costrell seems only a woman with intemperate instincts and a weak intellect, who succumbs with great ease to an unlucky opportunity, and who kills herself because she is afraid of the policeman. A kind of feeble love for her children she has, and some awe of her stern husband; but of grief for her degradation, or of understanding how she has made shipwreck of an old man's life, not a glimmering. Tragedy for the world there may be in this very poverty of nature, but it is of a kind best covered over, for it hardly once stirs within us the purifying moods of pity, of indignation, or of sorrow.

AN ERRANT WOOING. By Constance Cary Harrison. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

Were *An Errant Wooing* from another pen than Mrs. Harrison's it would be easier to review. But a book which is not a first one must be measured more or less by the author's former work, and this falls far short of the standard established by *The Anglomaniacs*, *Sweet Bells out of Tune*, and *A Bachelor Maid*. It bears, indeed, marks of immaturity that are wholly unaccountable, in view of the large amount of finished work which the writer has published. They come near to conveying an impression that it may possibly be a first novel, after all, begun, if not completed, before the author's recent excellent literary manner was formed. Nor is the treatment of the theme more unlike Mrs. Harrison's usual methods than is the selection of such a subject; for the most distinctive charm of her work has hitherto been its freshness, its pre eminent modernity. This is entirely missing in *An Errant Wooing*, a commonplace love-story loosely hung on the frayed thread of foreign travel. And yet—no matter how clear the conviction of the author's indiscretion—one is forced to admire the courage of an attempt to describe hard-beaten European highways, now that every one travels and every one writes. True, Mrs. Harrison has done it uncommonly well. The description of the bull-fight is particularly fine. But fancy trying to say anything about a bull-fight that has not been already said! And then in following the *espada* and the *toreadors* through eight or ten pages, the lovers fade completely out of sight. They are never seen very distinctly, for that matter. One does not come face to face with them throughout the progress of the story. The characterisation is so imperfect, and the transition from one country to another so bewildering, that the reader must fairly rush after the travellers to catch even glimpses of them amidst the fog of London and the dust of Madrid. Sir Piers, the elderly lover, appears at this long range to be a blond and amiable sort of Rochester. Roger Woodbury, the young man, is altogether vague; and the dark and the fair maidens to whom the fair man and the dark man are suitors seem more unreal and shadowy, if possible, than the men. All the characters talk cleverly, and now and then say bright and amusing things, which are eminently characteristic of the author, but not in the least so of themselves; quite the contrary. "Roger might as well want to domesticate Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty as to marry that massive English girl," says old Mr. Woodbury, who cannot possibly have said anything of the kind, being what he is. And the philosophic and rather pessimistic views expressed by Polly do not at all harmonise with the dim impression of that young woman's individuality.

The principal shortcoming of the work may possibly lie in its having been miscalled a novel. With the shadows who aimlessly pervade it left out, it would be a charming book of travel, with interesting side-lights on European society. As it now stands, it is merely another of the many unsuccessful attempts to write an international novel. Since Mr. Henry James first made it the vogue several years ago he has had many followers, with ever-diminishing success. But it is singular that among those who met defeat in this field should be Mrs. Harrison, who has won such notable successes at home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHIMMIE FADDEN EXPLAINS, MAJOR MAX EXPOUNDS. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

To have written a book of which fifty thousand copies have been sold in less than six months is the enviable fortune of the creator of *Chimmie Fadden*. We say "creator" advisedly, for Chimmie may not be altogether unknown to us as a type; but it was left to this keen student of human nature to develop his character and "shoot the soul" into the Bowery boy. When the first series appeared in book form we saw the possibilities of a great popularity in it, and under *Slum Stories* in the March BOOKMAN we reviewed the book at length and pointed out its characteristics, and weighed its merits and demerits. As the second series sustains the interest of the first in equal measure, it is not necessary to go into elaborate criticism again. Those who have made Chimmie's acquaintance in the first volume will wish to renew it in the second, and those who read the second volume for the first time will resort to the previous book; indeed, we believe that the publication of the second series has stimulated the sale of the author's initial work. In the down-town section of New York we notice that the first series of *Chimmie Fadden* ranks among the six best selling books of the past month.

Chimmie is still chasing after "dat bull pup," and smuggling "small bots" for Mr. Paul. But it is the presence of innate gentleness and chivalry in the rough-bred Bowery lad evoked by Miss Fannie which again touches us most deeply. Even in Chimmie we think of Tennyson's line without incongruity:

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

And it is this fine trait in the tenement lad—the compelling belief in the existence of the inherent quality of gentleman "beyond the barbed-wire fence"—for which we are most grateful in Mr. Townsend's work. We must content ourselves with citing one instance from "The Wedding of Miss Fannie":

"I never seed no real angels, but I guess if dey's as beautiful as I hear tell, den dey must look like Miss Fannie when Mr. Burton stepped up and took her from her fadder. I was tinkin as I looked at her tru de palm trees dat I had someting t' do wid bringin' dem togedder, and dat if Mr. Burton wasn't good t' Miss Fannie I'd put a knock-out pill in his cocktail. . . .

"When dey come back, I says, says I: 'How de do, Miss Fannie?' I says, and de Duchess she calls me down hard. 'She is Madame Burtong,' says de Duchess, looking like she'd take a fall outter me.

"Say, what do you tink Miss Fannie says? She's a dead sport. She says: 'I'd radder be Miss Fannie t' Chames,' she says, like dat, see?"

"Major Max Expounds" through several chapters in which we are regaled with his cynical wit and worldly wisdom tinged with *bonhomie*, and a few other stories eke out the book; but when "Chimmie Fadden Explains" and makes his exit, the lights have gone out for us and the rest is a vain show.

THE VEILED DOCTOR. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Veiled Doctor, having been written by Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, will probably have some sale in the South; otherwise it is a most unpleasant story, which the author seems to have had no reason for writing, and which there is surely no reason that any sane person should ever care to read. The hero, Dr. Wickford, after trials and troubles manifold with his wife, develops cancer of the face, and to avoid her ridicule and the comments of his neighbours, hides himself from the world behind a veil of black crape. At the approach of death he retires into his sanctum, and *in articulo mortis* rises and attires himself in his best suit of black broadcloth, and so passes away into the unknown, to the immense relief of everybody, including the unfortunate reader. The scene is supposed to be a town which even at the beginning of the century was behind the times; but there is no attempt at local colour except that the heroine says occasionally, "O la!" and once "vastly," otherwise the time might have been any time and the place anywhere. But one resents most of all, perhaps, that in an avowedly Southern story the characters should be without exception so thoroughly second or even third-rate, and so unmitigatedly commonplace; one might pardon the absence of anything interesting in the plot or characters, but surely Miss Davis ought to know what is *convenable*. We can forgive her for making her heroine a fool and a liar, and her hero a prig; but we submit that, as a Southern gentleman, he need not also have been a brute. "Perhaps 'twas as well you rejected my love," "Madame Wickford" might well have said to him,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"but why should you kick me downstairs?" Ah, why indeed!

ON THE POINT. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.00.

As the vitiated air of a ball-room, full of the great unwashed—we mean a ten-cent ball-room, of course—to the keen south wind coming across "leagues of ice-cold brine," so is Miss Davis's morbid production to Mr. Dole's *On the Point*. The precise geographical habitation and name of the Point, the author, with his usual delicious inconsequence—or the simulation thereof—has omitted to record; but it doesn't matter; we are enjoying ourselves and him so much that nothing matters. Mr. Dole is best known to the world as the translator of Tolstoy, and as a very charming lyric poet; in this volume he reveals himself as the Pepys of the nineteenth century, only with a remarkable absence of self-conceit, a better subject and a finer personality. There is some attempt at disguise in this little summer idyll of the autobiographical character of the Mr. Merrithew who tells the story of how he and his family occupied the governor's cottage "On the Point;" how they arrived in the rain, with considerably more baggage than the traditional "big box, little box, bandbox and bundle;" how the lighthouse keeper took a pessimistic view of their chances of ever getting anything to eat; and how they set at naught his predictions and fared sumptuously every day. And no doubt many of the incidents and all the romance are pure invention; nevertheless, never was an author's personality more clearly revealed than by the very attempt at hiding it! Like Tennyson's "Old Year," Mr. Merrithew is "full of knavish quips;" he is also given to paronomasia in all possible languages. The provokingness of him comes out about as clearly as anywhere, when he suggests to his wife, who is bemoaning the refusal of the captain of the steamer to stop at the Point for them, because they cannot supply the requisite number of full-pay passengers—that they shall defer the trip until the two youngest children are grown! which would certainly settle the difficulty. Better, however, to be absurd than ill tempered; and the narrator doesn't at all object to representing himself as the hero of a ludicrous situation, as witness his famous efforts to "hitch up."

Yet there is something more in the book than mere wit, or even Pepysian discursiveness; the childlike love of nature and of freedom from conventionality, and the general freshness, spontaneity, and wholesomeness of the book are based on something sweeter and stronger. The two romances are very effectively contrasted; and the tragedy of one is tenderly handled. We are inclined to think that the author is going to do great things in a line of his own yet to be discovered; meanwhile, he has done a very pleasant thing in taking us with him for a summer "On the Point." And we must not omit to say that the book is small enough to slip comfortably into a coat pocket; that it is æsthetically bound, with a cover design of a wind-tossed maiden holding on to her hat in quite a realistic style, and that it is illustrated delicately, we fancy, from photographs taken on the spot.

A MADONNA OF THE ALPS. Translated from the German of B. Schultze-Smidt by Nathan Haskell Dole. With photogravure frontispiece. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Among writers of fiction who have been recently rising into prominence in Germany, the author of this story, we are told, has a distinguished place. If so it is not so much, we should imagine, by reason of his constructive skill in making a story as by the charming atmosphere in which he bathes it. The morbid appetite for excitement in plot and incident will find nothing here to whet its voracity upon, but there is instead a quiet domestic tragedy played among the eternal hills and ever beautiful regions around the Lago di Garda on the Italian border, which exists for the sake of introducing us to some delightful pictures of Italian landscape and characteristics. The tale itself, with the strutting figure of Felice Calluno and the woman of heroics, his wife, is a trifle melodramatic on its sombre side, but when these two are out of view and the valleys resound instead with the laughter and songs of the young artists, all life is gay and glad with their pervasive and ineffable youth. It is difficult to believe that this is a translation from the German and not from the Italian, so redolent is it of the sunny south, so warm in its colouring, so deli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cate and subtle in its appreciation of the very spirit of Italian life. After all, the charm of these pages lies in the warm, impetuous rush of sweet, lusty youth in its heyday of three-and-twenty summers entering for the first time upon the land of its aspirations, inspired with the true fervour of art. Only once, indeed, are you a lusty lad, fresh in heart, free from care, overflowing with happiness, starting off with unspoiled vigour on one of the roads that lead to Rome!

THE MASTER-KNOT AND "ANOTHER STORY." By Conover Duff.

KAFIR STORIES. By William Charles Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

Two more volumes have been added to the attractive Buckram Series. These dainty specimens of the bookmaker's art have nothing superfluous about them. Unstinted praise cannot be given, however, to the contents of these volumes. "The Master-Knot," a story told in a series of letters, comes to an unsatisfactory end. The reader is led to believe by an epilogue that the incidents narrated are true, and the conclusion would seem to verify the facts. The style and characteristics displayed in the letters are not convincing enough to be natural, and so painful is the conclusion that the advisability of publishing these epistles is questionable.

In "Another Story," also told in letters, there is more to entertain. The author shows power of discernment, and occasionally rises to the humorous. Especially is this true in the letters of the women. The style is racy and possesses the element that attracts. The story reflects a phase of upper New York City life. The conclusion is a little startling, but does not violate one's sense of the fitness of things as does "The Master-Knot."

Had Mr. Scully linked his short *Kafir Tales* together as accounts of real events in South Africa, the volume would possess a value which in its present form is lacking. Mr. Scully writes with a large familiarity with his subject. But the narratives do not amuse—in fact, so full are they of revelations of the barbarous and the brutal, that they are almost revolting. They would be wholly so were it not for the fact that the human mind is prone to be fascinated by the cruel in narrative form. But bare records of savages wallowing in bloodshed and beast-like brutality have no place in the entertaining function of fiction. All the world is not composed of a collection of Mark Tapleys. If it were *Kafir Tales* would be eagerly welcomed.

DOCTOR GRAY'S QUEST. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.75.

A melancholy interest is attached to this work, as it was the last book which the late Dr. Underwood wrote—indeed he had but completed it a few days before his death. Dr. Underwood was never popular as a novelist, he lacked some of the essential qualities necessary to the compounding of a work of fiction, especially did he lack the kind of imagination which renders credibly and clearly the personalities of its characters, while it withdraws that of the author. It is true that in his novels we have sympathy with humanity, an intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, and an ear for the clash of spiritual armies; but in none of his novels are these qualities put to such excellent use as in his *Quabbin*. For obvious reasons *Quabbin* just missed doing for New England what *A Window in Thrums* has done for Scotland; the latter is an immortal book, because it is a work of genuine power and sympathy that comes with genius as well as with knowledge. *Quabbin* will long remain a book to be remembered and read again, but it lost its chance, because Dr. Underwood, with all the wealth of close observation which he contributed to it, was more a man of literary instincts than of literary power.

Doctor Gray's Quest shows the thoughtful and informing side of its author, but the marks of a painful, painstaking literary industry and literary finesse are over it all. The characters are drawn with considerable ingenuity, and the background is well filled in with picturesque descriptions of the domestic life of Little Canaan and with historic pictures of New England. Dr. Gray's search for proof of the innocence of Florian's father is the mainspring of the story, but intermingling with this there are many delightful incidents and episodes which afford elucidation of the Yankee character and wit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIPLOMATIC DISENCHANTMENTS. By Edith Bigelow. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Despite the trivial nature and many faults of this small novel, with its awkward though descriptive title, it teaches several wholesome lessons. Briefly, it is the story of a professor of political economy in a New England university, who receives through a relative of his ambitious wife the appointment of minister to Germany, and goes to Berlin accompanied by his wife, daughter, and niece. The history of these not especially interesting people, who are lifted from their natural background into the glitter of European life, fortunately lasts but six months. However, they give the author opportunity to tell the world the many things she knows about the functions, etiquette, social experiences, and types of character in Berlin.

Mrs. Bigelow has been very successful in drawing the character of a Hungarian actor endowed with genius and powers of fascination, though cold and selfish of nature, "neither a villain nor a saint. He liked to be loved, without too many demands of reciprocity being made on him. His life was decent and full of arduous effort, and his love of his art was the only real passion of which he was capable. He did not make it his business to make fools of women, but somehow, almost without his intending it, he caused women to make fools of themselves."

There are many episodes which are decidedly commonplace, and such hackneyed and inelegant expressions as "unfeignedly glad," "stately form," "attenuated diet," "she had *come up* from Seabright" (to New York), "patterns of manly beauty *rolled into one*," "it could only be *opined*," frequently startle and antagonise the reader. The little story shows, however, how impossible it is for Americans of a certain type and education to harmonise with life in the Old World, and one is glad to find this family of simple tastes returning to the shade of its own elm-tree, richer and not embittered by experience, with the knowledge that their desire for diplomatic and social advancement was but a mirage, and ready to begin anew and with a greater sense of its value, the old life to which they were adapted.

THE MISTRESS OF QUEST. By Adeline Sergeant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Quest is a farm-place in the north of England, and its mistress is a strong-minded, deep-hearted young woman who has grown up on it with her grandfather, and at his death inherits its management. With her healthy beauty and healthy ways and strong sense, principle, and feeling, she represents rural life at its best, in contrast to her sickly, flaccid, luxury-loving but beautiful half-sister, who has been brought up in London. The neighbouring squire, a good type of country gentleman with a long pedigree, falls in love with the mistress of Quest, and she with him. This initiates the prolonged double trial of her life which the novel admirably describes. For, first of all, the mistress of Quest, knowing that Lady Adela, the squire's mother, would not like to see him marry a farmer, disguises her love and sacrifices herself; and then, her half-sister appearing on the scene, detaches her lover, and for a time appropriates him. The course of events by which things are righted is finely conceived. The mistress of Quest is a welcome addition to the women of fiction.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

A volume of short stories by Mr. Besant is always full of variety and of pleasantness. Some of those here are more or less satires on modern failings. "In Deacon's Orders," the mania of religiosity is held up to scorn in its not infrequent alliance with depravity; while in "The Equal Woman," Mr. Besant abjures, for the moment, his usual good-natured strictures on female claims, and gives a wholesome glimpse of at least one woman superior, even mentally, to one individual man. There is little comfort, however, in the story, as the particular man was an unmitigated fool. "Peer and Heiress" is a good example of his agreeable story; "In Three Weeks" is a somewhat poor specimen of his unpleasant variety. But in all these, and in the others, are visible the author's knack of happy ingenuity, and his way of cleverly turning the possibilities and impossibilities that run through his brain into a means of comfortably whiling away his reader's spare time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

No less than four different translations, issued by as many publishing houses, appeared almost simultaneously of "Gyp's" *Le Mariage de Chiffon*, which in itself is surely a token that there is

GYP.

COMTESSE DE MARTEL.

something worth reading here. Under the title *Chiffon's Marriage*, the Messrs. Stokes; Hurst and Company; and Lovell, Coryell and Company have published this latest romance of French society at a uniform rate of fifty cents, bound in cloth; the Brentanos bringing it out in their Modern Life Library, under the editorial supervision of M. Henri Pène du Bois as *A Gallic Girl* (price, $1.25), with artistic cover design by Scotson-Clark. Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company's edition contains a frontispiece portrait herewith reproduced. A significant fact is that the Messrs. Stokes's is the only edition which claims to be authorised as well as copyrighted, the translation, it is said, having received the enthusiastic approval of the Comtesse de Martel (Gyp). As the work of French authors is recognised by the International Copyright, we are curious as to the reflection which this throws on the enterprise of the others. *Chiffon's Marriage* makes the second volume of the Messrs. Stokes's Bijou Series, of which F. C. Philips's *A Question of Colour* was the first. They are daintily bound in buckram, printed in clear, readable type, and contain illustrations. The series is an imitation of the Messrs. Holt's Buckram Series—we prefer the latter—but the difference in price will be a consideration.

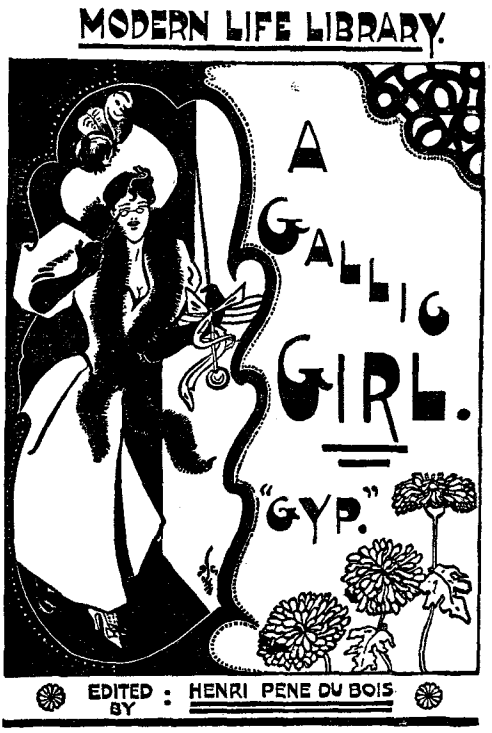
Corona of the Nantahalas, by Louis Pendleton, is a romantic little drama played by a solitary American girl with only an unlettered couple and a deaf mute for company, and a dangerous young journalist, among the wilds of a Southern State. It presents the inevitable clash of cultured simplicity with the conventions of nineteenth-century civilisation—the conflict between Hellenic ideals and the complex ways of modern life. The story is told effectively, and there is an idyllic flavour in it which sometimes almost makes us fall out with the author for preferring the form which he has made the story take.—Industrious Lydia Hoyt Farmer has made the Merriam Company responsible for another new book, which is a medley of satire, humour, and preachment, marked by shrewd wit, keen observation, and broad characterisation. Certain New York periodicals have already made us acquainted with the bulk of *Aunt Belindy's Points of View* and *A Modern Mrs. Malaprop*. The latter lady, "though no *connoisseur* in morals," prides herself "on being a *bon vivant* in devotion," thinks Paris "the most godly city in unrighteousness," makes Plato responsible for the well-known French remark, "*Après nous le déluge!*" and Socrates for the words, "I ought to have died at Waterloo!" while she proposes a toast in the immortal words of Napoleon: "Antiquity will do us justice." Mrs. Malaprop is just a trifle far-fetched sometimes, but the reader will get a good deal of fun out of her bumptious mistakes and crass ignorance dressed in seeming knowledge.—*Two Women; or, Over the Hills and Far Away*, by Lida Ostrom Vanamee, with a portrait of one of them (is it the author?) is also published by the Merriam Company, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is designed to float the idle moments of an idle hour lightly down the summer tide. The writer will be known to some readers as the author of a previous story, *An Adirondack Idyll*. These three booklets of light fiction, published by the same firm, are bound in cloth, illustrated, and are issued at the uniform price of seventy-five cents per volume.

Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company have attempted, in reissuing their edition of Mr. Zangwill's *Old Maids' Club*, to profit by the interest of the hour in that writer's latest novel, *The Master*. It is liberally illustrated with comic sketches by F. H. Townsend, and to those who like this sort of pleasantry and artificial fun, it will no doubt be a welcome contribution in light literature. (Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.) The same firm have brought out new editions of *Dearest*, by Mrs. Forrester; *John Ford* and *His Helpmate*, by Frank Barrett; and *Oriole's Daughter*, by Jessie Fothergill, in cloth at $1.00, and in paper covers, price, 50 cents. In their Lakewood Series (price, 50 cents) the new issues include *Margery of Quether*, by S. Baring-Gould; *Morial the Mahatma*, by Mabel Collins, the author of the recently published novel, *Suggestion*; and *The Island of Fantasy*, by Fergus Hume. *Betty; a Last Century Love Story*, by Anna Vernon Dorsey, has been added to their Windermere Series of copyright fiction; and a fifty-cent paper edition of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, by Percy White, one of the cleverest single-volume novels of the year 1893, has been issued in the Belmore Series. No one should fail to read Mr. White's amusing satire of Surbiton and of the social struggles of the Bailey-Martins; we can assure the reader that he will be highly entertained in a fashion, alas! too rare nowadays.

The Cassell Publishing Company send us the following paper-covered novels at 50 cents: *Should She Have Left Him*, by William C. Hudson; *Jean Berny, Sailor*, by Pierre Loti; and *Utterly Mistaken*, by Annie Thomas; also a new novel by A. W. Marchmont, B.A., entitled *Parson Thring's Secret*. (Cloth, $1.00.) From Robert Bonner's Sons we have received *The Meredith Marriage*, by Harold Payne, and *At a Great Cost*, by Effie A. Rowlands, both illustrated. (Paper, 50 cents.) The J. B. Lippincott Company have brought out two more volumes by Captain Charles King; one, entitled *Captain Close and Sergeant Cræsus*, is his



own; but *Captain Dreams and Other Stories* is a collection of stories simply edited by the indefatigable Captain. (Price, $1.00.) *Too Late Repented*, by Mrs. Forrester, is the latest accession to the same firm's series of Select Novels. A new novel, *The Mistress of Quest*, by Adeline Sergeant, a favourite "serial" with popular British periodicals, has been added to the Messrs. Appleton's Town and Country Library (price, 50 cents), also George Gissing's masterly piece of realism, *In the Year of Jubilee*, which was reviewed by us (Vol. I., p. 122) from the English edition a few months ago.

The Arena Publishing Company send us *The Mystery of Evelin Delorme*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, which purports to be a hypnotic story. It is well printed, and is included in their handy Side-Pocket Series; but the whitewashed cover looks cheap, and spoils the attractiveness of the neat design. They also send us Mr. Everett Howe's *Chronicles of Break o' Day*, which is by no means a new book, but which we take pleasure in recommending to our readers, who will find much wisdom in it, and a close observation of certain local types of men and manners, which will afford considerable amusement as well as cause for more serious reflection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THACKERAY. A STUDY. By Adolphus A. Jack. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

This painstaking appreciation of Thackeray is vitiated by one capital defect. Wide human sympathy is absolutely essential to good literary criticism. Mr. Jack sympathises with and understands the more elevated moods of mankind, but there are certain human phases and tempers that he would obliterate entirely. So should we all, if we had any decisive voice in the matter; but, unless we are professional moralists, we think that so long as they are part of life they have their legitimate place in literature, provided, of course, decencies and proportions be adhered to. Mr. Jack is now a good moralist. When he is older he may be a good critic.

Of Thackeray's more serious claims to be regarded as a classic, he speaks well, and therefore not superfluously, though on his vivid presentation of character perhaps due stress is not laid; and though the remarks on style are intelligent, they are very far from being the last word. He has an irritating habit of hitting on a truth, or quoting an accepted theory, and then drawing far too strong inferences from it. Of Thackeray's formlessness, for instance, it was right to complain; but he does not speak for many besides himself when he says of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes* that, "published as a whole, they are only readable with difficulty." We all know the theory that a work of art should be drawn to scale, constructed with the regularity and proportion of an architect's plan. The few books that adhere to the theory are very pretty; they may or may not be delightful to the imagination and the soul. And this method, this rhythm, this perfect proportion, are their existence to be tested only by external plan and arrangement? Can the ideal not be satisfied by harmony of tone and temper and spirit? It must, or we throw overboard as inartistic, and as Mr. Jack would piously say, "only readable with difficulty," a good many of the world's masterpieces —*Don Quixote*, for example.

Concerning Thackeray's defects, perhaps he has not said a word that is not true; and I like his sturdily unapologetic attitude. But he is terribly solemn in his judgments. Such rigid severity would be becoming if Thackeray had written one book every five years, and nothing else between, and two of these had been, say, *The Shabby Genteel Story* and *The Book of Snobs*. But Thackeray was writing continually, in every mood, in every mental condition, and if some readers invariably take him seriously, he himself did not, and would have laughed at them for their pains. We all have our own way of spending the unguarded moments of our lives; most of us are dreadfully dull, and some of us ill-tempered. Thackeray chronicled his on paper—like all good fellows of high vitality, caring not a rap for his reputation — and they were generally amusing. But then they were certainly spent in vulgar or commonplace company, and his satire was often merely frivolous and shallow. This is all very true; and the man who wrote *Henry Esmond* and *The Newcomes* knew it best of all. To weep over the frivolities of genius that has had high manifestations is a woeful waste of tears. Decent regret is permissible; but depend on it, the defects regretted have been used in the very stuff that has roused our admiration; for genius is not wasteful in this sense; it transforms its weaknesses into painful wisdom; it uses somehow and somewhere effectively the whole of itself. In a morbidly serious frame of mind it might seem fitting to pipe the eye because Shakespeare made atrocious puns and invented scenes which are downright silly. Let us be thankful when our humour bids our conscience stop short of that. And though Thackeray treated royal personages and peers of the realm, and those misunderstood worthies the snobs, in a way that has called for serious explanation and remonstrance from Mr. Jack, and though in the *Irish Sketch Book* "there are none of those wide disquisitions upon society and government which the investigation of a particular country suggests to writers of the class of De Tocqueville and M. Taine," and though *The Shabby Genteel Story* is hopelessly vulgar, the conclusion of the whole is that it really

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't much matter. The main question is whether Thackeray's greater qualities will stand the test of time. The lesser fruits of his exuberant energy have their due significance; but to grieve over them with such solemnity is not more sensible than solemnly denying to Goldsmith's compilations a place in serious historical research.

MY EARLY TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN AMERICA AND ASIA. By Henry M. Stanley. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 00.

Henry M. Stanley, in his last work, shows the self-confidence and self-approbation which have ever marked his public actions. The first volume, telling of Mr. Stanley's experience during two Indian campaigns, might have been published alone, and in itself have proven worthy of notice, not because Mr. Stanley is the author, but because it is a fairly concise record of the masterly way in which General Hancock in 1867 prevented protracted Indian wars by "a series of tactical marches through the red man's domains." This was the crucial time in the colonisation of the great States of Nebraska and Kansas. The savages were holding a carnival of bloodshed when Hancock made the Indians come to a full stop in their course, under penalty of effective retaliation. Stanley was sent to the scene as a special correspondent for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. The meetings with the great chiefs, the speeches of the latter, and the incidents of early military life on the great plains are of historical interest and value.

In his preface Mr. Stanley justifies the white race in its course against the savages since the discovery of the continent, saying that "they [white men] had as much right to the plains as the Indians." He also speaks of "the semi-civilised millions" who once lived in the Mississippi Valley, Central America, and Arizona, and proceeds to find justification for the civilised man's course in overwhelming the red man by the hypothesis that the latter exterminated the mound-builders. It would have been better had Stanley read the investigations of Fiske, and thus have spared the reader an exhibition of ignorance, and also if he had paid some attention to the work of Parkman before indulging in deductions. Mr. Stanley's reputation must rest upon his explorations, and not upon conclusions based on his own observations. Of course there are few who will justify the Indians in their frightful cruelties, and Parkman, in his exhaustive treatment of early Jesuit and English colonisation in Canada and the present United States, shows from the Jesuit records and letters from French governors and others, that the savages were from the earliest times cruel, not only to the whites, but also to their own kind, as witness the bitter enmity of the Iroquois tribes to the Algonquin nation, resulting in the practical extermination of the latter as a nation. But the early settlers were not backward in repaying cruelty with cruelty. It was only with the advent of the American republic that a serious and effective effort was made to temporise and to live in peace with the savage. Parkman said that the Indian might be tamed, but not civilised, and the truth of that has largely been demonstrated.

The interesting feature of the second volume is the account of the building and opening of the Suez Canal, written when Stanley was the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. The letters also cover the history of the Abyssinian expedition in 1868, and then, as a sort of apprenticeship to the Livingstone expedition, the author was sent "to write a kind of guide to the Nile, to visit Captain (now Sir Charles) Warren, and give an account of his explorations underneath Jerusalem, and finally I was to proceed through Persia to India." This is all a beaten track now, and the letters, as anything but descriptive of the places traversed, are of slight interest, and not in any way remarkable.

ALPHABETS. A Handbook of Lettering, with Historical, Critical, and Practical Descriptions. By Edward F. Strange. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.75.

It is not difficult to perceive that the mechanical age through which we have been passing is doomed, and that the results of students' toil is destined to turn the tide not only of artistic, but of popular standards. To appreciate and discover true beauty of design, one must look to centuries of the past, when the craftsman was not a copyist, but an originator, freely expressing and repeating the beauty that he felt and observed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around him regarding form, colour, and idea.

This book, entitled *Alphabets* in the Ex-Libris Series of the Chiswick Press, adds one more link to the great chain of evidence that antiquarians bring forward to prove that the secrets of artistic invention lie in the Middle Ages, the greater inspiration coming from Byzantine influence. This will be proved by examining the various illustrations in this volume, and noticing how lettering deteriorates after the eighteenth century. Compare, for example, the apparent carelessness of the date 1610, taken from English furniture (p. 159), with the "modern fancy types" (p. 195). Even a superficial glance will reveal the grace and individuality of the early artist opposed to the unsympathetic mechanic of the nineteenth century. Again, compare the Dutch type of 1744 (p. 167) with the Gothic capitals from the tombs of Henry III. and Richard II. in Westminster Abbey (pp. 46, 50), contrasting the thirteenth and fifteenth with the eighteenth century; and compare the same with the lettering on a Spanish seal of the fourteenth century (p. 41). Note also the *stiffness* of the well-designed capitals by Jan Pas in 1737 (p. 251), as compared with those by Geoffroy in 1529 (p. 89). Every one who enjoys making letters will find his love of writing increased after examining such beautiful specimens as the Lombardic, Irish, and Anglo-Norman manuscripts given on pp. 18–26, and the equally beautiful writing of Walter Crane (p. 214). The book contains chapters on Roman Lettering and its Derivatives, the Middle Ages, Beginning of Printed Letters, etc., and a carefully selected bibliography. Several pages have been given to the criticism of American lettering, which is deservedly and highly praised by the author (p. 196). He also reprints a specimen page from the Kelmscott Press, founded by the famous poet and designer, William Morris, to whom this century owes much for the revival of interest in artistic typography. Several decorative title-pages by Walter Crane are also included, revealing his artistic and successful efforts to harmonise lettering with the principal features of his productions.

To the amateur Mr. Strange's volume will open a vista of novel and interesting research; the student will find much that he already knows, retold in a delightful manner; and the artist, designer, and engraver, excellent treatment of the technical qualities of many different alphabets and their suitability to various materials and uses. It is to be hoped that the author will supplement this book with one on illuminated manuscripts, for which he seems so thoroughly equipped, besides having to such an unusual degree the sympathy of printer and publisher.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

It is only recently that Jonas Lie has gained an audience outside of Norway, inasmuch as the way to general recognition lies through France; and although his first story appeared in 1870, he has quite lately been translated into French, while a couple of his books have just been introduced into England. We have a ready welcome, then, for *The Commodore's Daughters* ($1.00), which comes from the press of Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company. This novel was written in 1889, and while Lie has written much before and since that date, English readers may accept this example as characteristic of a novelist who has much in common with Dickens and Daudet. Jonas Lie is a consummate story-teller, one who is innocent—as Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us in the Introduction to this translation—of any "ism," and professes to teach no "gospel," but who is the best beloved of the living novelists of his fatherland. But the peculiar genius of Jonas Lie has never been better exemplified than in his two volumes of *eventyr*, entitled *Trold*, which appeared in 1891, and which under the title of *Weird Tales from Northern Seas* were translated into English. Some of these seafaring tales are masterpieces of literature; but it is difficult to preserve in translation the peculiarities of style and substance which give to the infinitely varying art of Jonas Lie its sublime simplicity and exuberant fancy. It is to be hoped that this volume will also find an American publisher, and that more of the author's work may be introduced in translation to American readers, for Jonas Lie has as distinct a place in literature as Björnson and Ibsen, and indeed he ranks at this moment as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most popular novelist in Scandinavia. The same publishers also reissue a new edition of *The Heritage of the Kurts*, by Björnstjerne Björnson, at the same price, and with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. Both volumes are substantially bound in artistic covers.

Two more volumes of Macmillan's Illustrated Standard Novels lie on our table. John Galt's *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees* ($1.25) form the fourth volume of the series. With the simultaneous appearance in England of Blackwood's edition (to be published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers in September) there would seem to be some reason for resuscitating this old Scottish annalist. Galt's Scotland was less fervent, less sentimental than the Scotland seen in Mr Barrie's work or Ian Maclaren's. The shrewder, cannier side of Scottish life, with more worldliness and less romance, is depicted in his pages. Mr. Crockett calls him "a tired man's author," and he has described Galt's hour exactly when he says that his novels should be taken up when "Shakspeare is too high for us, and even Scott too mighty and many-sided." Canon Ainger writes an introduction in which he gives his reasons for considering the *Annals of the Parish* Galt's masterpiece; *The Ayrshire Legatees*, he says, is a kind of *Humphrey Clinker* with the title-character omitted. The illustrations by Brock are excellent. The fifth volume of this series is a reprint of Morier's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, the contents of which provided the cultured reading public of the early years of the century with merriment. Repeated new editions have been called for since the time when it was a popular favourite, and it is significant that of this work also we should have two publishers vying with each other to please the same audience. The Hon. George Curzon introduces the Persian story-teller, and H. R. Millar has drawn some forty pen-and-ink sketches, suggestive of the *Arabian Nights*, which greatly enhance the entertainment of these Oriental tales.

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have now issued five volumes of their admirable edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. The fifth, which has recently been published, begins the *Tales of Adventure and Exploration*, and has a frontispiece portrait of Poe taken from a picture by Oscar Halling, and copyrighted in 1893 by Amelia Poe. There are also three illustrations by Sterner, all portraying scenes in the narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, which takes up most of this volume. The last illustration is a fine imagining of the weird and ghostly adventure of the canoe and its occupants, hurrying under the influence of a powerful current over the milky depths of the ocean, with the white ashy shower settling upon them as their boat rushes with increasing velocity into the embraces of the cataract ahead.——The new volume in Messrs. Roberts Brothers translations of Balzac contains *Ferragus, Chief of the Dévorants* and *The Last Incarnation of Vautrin*. (Price, $1.50.)——Mr. William H. Rideing, besides helping to edit two important American journals, finds leisure to tramp through scenes made famous in history and romance, and to make books out of his tramps—and books that are readable and entertaining at that, which is more remarkable. *In the Land of Lorna Doone and Other Pleasurable Excursions in England*, to give the book its full title, is welcome reading, for when we are debarred from travelling over the ground peopled by historians and romancers ourselves, it is always pleasant and profitable to haunt these places with the torch of our imagination lighted by a trusty and genial guide. Besides the romance of Blackmore, we have all read books which have made us curious about Cornwall and the Yorkshire Coast, and who would hesitate to enter the charmed circle woven by Amy Robsart and *Kenilworth?* Most readers will think of Mr. Rideing's book as a summer companion, but as for us, we shall lay it in store against the gray gloom of winter, when by its magic we may conjure up our own surroundings and bid the elements defiance. The little volume is a combination of excellence in paper, print, and binding, and there are wide margins for notes or etchings of suggested thought and fancy. It is published by T. Y. Crowell and Company, and the price is $1.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have added *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* in two volumes to their fine edition of Defoe. (Price, $1.00 each.)——*The Lyrical Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (price, $1.00) is the latest addition to The Lyric Poets, edited with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an introduction by Ernest Rhys. A beautiful portrait of the boy Shelley serves as frontispiece.——The same firm have published the first volume of their Pocket Edition of Charles Kingsley's novels. *Hypatia*, though below the rank of the great historical romances, will always be popular, and will continue to be lauded as a masterpiece by those who do not see the difference. This volume is what it purports to be, a pocket edition, but we would have sacrificed a little convenience in this direction to have had better paper, which is so thin that the type shows through; and the type itself, though readable, is too small to be properly distinct. The Messrs. Macmillan rise to so uniform a plane of excellence in all their publications, that we are all the more moved to criticism when they make an error, as it seems to us that they have done in this instance. The price, in all conscience, is low enough—75 cents per volume.——These publishers also issue a handy volume of Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, which is intended as a text-book, and is laboriously weighted with notes, which, however, are stowed away in the back of the book, so that the general reader, if he is not of a mind to have Lamb annotated and elucidated, may read Elia without intrusion from the editors. (Price, 50 cents.)——*Off the Mill*, by G. F. Brown, B.D., D.C.L., is a collection of not uninteresting papers on Alpine subjects, which falls into line with the crop of books steadily increasing every season, and which a growing demand continues to call forth. Most of the articles which compose the book appeared long since in magazine form in England, and being accounts of an earlier state of things than the present generation of Alpine climbers encounter, its contents by contrast will afford more amusement than information, except where original research and observation have played an important part, and in so far as the fascination of the eternal hills and beautiful valleys of Pontresina and the Engadine is unchangeable.

A volume entitled *The Ameer Abdur Rahman* (which, by the way, is not the division of the name that we should ourselves have adopted) opens the Public Men of To-day Series, announced some time ago by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company. Its appearance was probably hastened by the recent visit of the Ameer's second son, the Shahzadah, to England; otherwise some of the other volumes that are included in the announcement would have been of more interest to the American reader, at least. The life of Signor Crispi or of the late Stefan Nicolof Stambuloff would be quite as timely and certainly of greater value. However, the present volume, which is written by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, F.R.G.S., and late of the Punjab University, is excellent reading and instructive withal, abounding, as it does, in curious anecdotes of Oriental life, and giving glimpses into the almost inexplicable workings of the Oriental mind. A portrait of the Ameer and one of Dost Mohammed Khan are given. (Price, $1.25.)

We have received from the American Baptist Publication Company, of Philadelphia, *Papers and Addresses of Martin B. Anderson, LL.D.*, in two very handsomely printed volumes ($2.50). These are edited by Professor William C. Morey, and will be of especial interest to the alumni of the University of Rochester, over which Dr. Anderson so long and so successfully presided. Perhaps the most readable of all are the short addresses to the students of that seat of learning, because they show many of the personal characteristics of a scholar whose influence was always strong with his undergraduates, and was always exerted for noble ends.

Mr. Grant Allen's *Story of the Plant* (40 cts)., added by the Appletons to their Library of Useful Stories, is an extremely attractive little book, giving in the most lucid style a succinct and accurate description of the principal phenomena of plant life. Technicalities are refreshingly absent, yet the most mature mind will find nothing paltry or trivial in the treatment, for Mr. Allen does not have the air of "writing down" to the supposed level of the unscientific person.——Dr. Chalmer Prentice is the author of *The Eye in Its Relation to Health*, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, of Chicago ($1.50). In its pages the writer sets forth certain theories which he bases upon experiments and observations of his own, and which, from a long experience of certain phases of optic derangement, we should like to discuss at some length; but the matter is of too technical a character for these pages. Suffice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it to say that some of the chapters are very striking, and we shall look with interest to see how the work is received by the profession.——Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, publish a book by Mr. George F. Tucker, entitled *Your Will: How to Make It.* There are 101 pages of it; and we can far better advise our readers in the space of a dozen words how to make their will: Go to a reputable lawyer and let him do it for you.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BJÖRNSON.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born December 8th, 1832, in Kvikne, up among the Dovre Mountains of Norway, where his father was parish priest. As a lad he had literary predilections. There is a poem from his eleventh year still preserved in manuscript. In Christiania, before he had entered the university, he wrote a historic drama called *Valborg.* This was submitted to the directors of the Christiania Theatre and accepted, but was voluntarily withdrawn by the young author, who in the mean time had become aware of its defects. It was never produced, and beyond a few verses has never been printed. Whether as a whole it is still extant I do not know. His literary career may really be said to have begun in 1854 with the critical article, a review of *En Nytaarsbog* (*A New Year's Book*), in No. 15 of the Christiania *Morgenbladet.* Björnson's earliest work, subsequent to this, was in the direction of literary and dramatic criticism for various journals. In 1856 he undertook the editorship of the little weekly journal *Illustreret Folkeblad*, in which the story which subsequently formed his first book began in June, 1857, to appear as a *feuilleton.* The tale *Synnöve Solbakken*, the first of Björnson's peasant novels, and the beginning of a new era in the literary history of Norway, was published in book form that same year. Other books now followed in rapid succession. His first drama, the little one-act prose play *Mellem Slagene* (*Between the Battles*), appeared in 1858, and later the same year the heroic drama in verse, *Halte Hulda* (*Lame Hulda*). These were succeeded by the peasant novel *Arne*, actually published in 1859, but with 1858 on the title-page; in 1860 by *Smaastykker* (*Small Pieces*), containing five short stories and the first drama, all previously published, namely: *Min förste Fortælling* [*Thrond*]; *Mellem Slagene; Ei faarlig Friing; Faderen; Oerneredet; En glad Gut.* In 1861 followed the tragedy *Kong Sverre* (*King Sverre*); in 1862 the dramatic trilogy *Sigurd Slembe*, called by Robert Buchanan

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

"Björnson's masterpiece;" in 1864 the tragedy *Maria Stuart i Skotland* (*Mary Stuart in Scotland*); in 1865 the comedy *De Nygifte* (*The Newly Married Couple*); in 1868 the peasant tale *Fiskerjenten* (*The Fisher Maiden*); in 1870 the first edition of his collected poems *Digte og Sange* (*Poems and Songs*), and the epical romance *Arnljot Gelline*, his longest poem; in 1872 the last of the saga-dramas, *Sigurd Jorsalafar* (*Sigurd the Crusader*) and *Fortællinger* (*Tales*), a second collection of stories in two volumes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

containing *Arne; Synnöve Solbakken; Jærnbanen og Kirkegaarden; Blakken; Thrond; Faderen; Oerneredet; Trofasthed; En Livsgaade; En nye Feriefart; Björnejægeren; Ej faarleg Friing; Et farligt Frieri; En glad Gut; Fiskerjenten; Brude-Slaaten.* In 1873 followed the peasant novel *Brude-Slaaten* (*The Bridal March*), reprinted from the second volume of the *Tales;* in 1874 the play *Redaktören* (*The Editor*), the first of a series of dramas which deal with modern social, political, and religious problems; in 1875 the drama *En Fallit* (*A Bankruptcy*), one of the most popular of all of the plays; in 1877 the drama *Kongen* (*The King*), and the novel *Magnhild*, which, like *The Editor* among the plays, marks the beginning of a new direction; in 1879 the novel *Kaptejn Mansana* (*Captain Mansana*), a story of the war of Italian independence, and the dramas *Leonarda* and *Det ny System* (*The New System*); in 1883 the dramas *En Hanske* (*A Gauntlet*) and *Over Ævne* (*Beyond their Strength*); in 1884 the novel *Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen* (*Flags are Flying in City and Harbour*); in 1885 the last of the dramas, *Geografi og Kærlighed* (*Geography and Love*); in 1889 the last novel, *Paa Guds Veje* (*In God's Way*); finally, in 1894, a third collection of stories called *Nye Fortællinger* (*New Tales*), which contains *Absalons Haar* (*Absalom's Hair*); *Et Stygt Barndomsminde* (*An Ugly Reminiscence of Childhood*); *Mors Hænder* (*Mother's Hands*); *Een Dag* (*One Day*).

Besides having contributed literally scores of articles on almost all possible subjects to the principal journals of Norway, Björnson has been several times directly engaged in editorial work. In 1856–57 he was editor, as has been mentioned, of the Christiania weekly, *Illustreret Folkeblad*, called during part of the time *Folkebladet;* in 1858–59 he edited the *Bergensposten;* 1859–60 he was co-editor of the Christiania *Aftenbladet;* from 1866–71 he was editor of the *Norsk Folkeblad*, which he bought in the autumn of 1869. Twice he has been theatre director—in 1858–59 in Bergen; in 1865–67 in Christiania. Among other adaptations for the Christiania Theatre is an acting version of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*, first produced in 1867.

The list of English translations of Björnson, but particularly of the novels and tales, is a long one. The first of all the works to appear in English was *Arne*, the second novel; as the title runs, *Arne; or, Peasant Life in Norway.* Translated from the second edition by a Norwegian [Thomas Krag]. Bergen [1861]. This translation was noticed in the London *Athenæum*, April 20th, 1862. I have never seen it, nor do I fancy that it circulated widely. It is not quite clear what is meant by the second edition, as that did not in reality appear until 1868. It was left for the second translation of *Arne* to bring Björnson's name adequately before an English public. This version appeared as *Arne: A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life.* Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley-Powers. London and New York, 1866. Other editions of this were published in England and America. What I take to be the same translation is also contained in *Arne and the Happy Boy*, Boston, 1872, and in *Life by the Fells and Fiords: A Norwegian Sketch Book*, by B. B., London, 1879. Subsequent translations are: *Arne*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1881; in Lovell's Library, 1882; in *The Happy Boy and Arne*, New York, 1883; in *Arne and The Fisher Lassie*, translated from the French, London, 1889; in *Arne and The Fisher Lassie*, by W. H. Low [Bohn], London, 1891; *Arne*, by Walter Low, New York, 1895. *Synnöve Solbakken* appeared first as *Love and Life in Norway*, by Augusta Bethell and Augusta Plesner, London [1870]. Other versions are: *Synnöve Solbakken*, by Julie Sutter, London, 1881, and in a new edition, New York, 1895; by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1881; from the Norse, authorized edition, London, 1883; in the Seaside Library, 1883; as *The Betrothal* it is contained in *Half Hours with Foreign Novelists*, by Helen and Alice Zimmern, London, 1880. *En glad Gut* appeared first as *Ovind: A Story of Country Life in Norway*, by Sivert and Elisabeth Hjerleid, London, 1869. Other translations are: *The Happy Boy*, Boston, 1869; by H. R. G., London and Boston, 1870; by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1882 [1881]; in Lovell's Library, 1882; and in the volume with *Arne*, already cited (1883); it is also contained in *The Happy Lad: A Story of Peasant Life in Norway, and Other Tales*, London [1882]. *Fiskerjenten* has been translated as *The Fisher Maiden*, by M. E. Niles, New York, 1869, included also in the Leisure Hour Series, 1874; *The Fishing Girl*, by A. Plesner and F.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richardson, London [1870]; *The Fisher Girl*, by S. and E. Hjerleid, London, 1871; *The Fisher Maiden*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1882; and *The Fisher Lassie*, by W. H. Low, in the volume with *Arne*, already cited. *Brude-Slaaten* is included in *Life by the Fells and Fiords*, previously cited; it is also the title story in the volume by R. B. Anderson, *The Bridal March, and Other Stories*, Boston, 1882; as *The Wedding March*, by M. Ford, it is in the Seaside Library, 1882. *Magnhild* has been only once translated, namely, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1883. *Kaptejn Mansana* is the title story in *Captain Mansana, and Other Stories*, by R. B. Anderson, Boston, 1883; it is also in the Seaside Library, 1883. *Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen* was published as *The Heritage of the Kurts* in Heinemann's International Library, London, 1892. *Paa Guds Veje* appeared in the same series as *In God's Way*, by E. Carmichael, London, 1890; it is also in Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature [1889].

The short stories have appeared in translation in journals and magazines throughout the length and breadth of English-speaking territory, in sources geographically as far apart as the Melbourne *Argus* and *Harper's Weekly*. No proper bibliography of these has yet been compiled, nor am I certain that it is worth compiling. Versions to be noted are those contained in *The Bridal March, and Other Stories*, by R. B. Anderson, already cited. These are: *Thrond; A Dangerous Wooing; The Bear Hunter; The Father; The Eagle's Nest; Blakken; Fidelity; A Problem of Life*, all included in the *Tales* of 1872. *Captain Mansana, and Other Stories* contains: *The Railroad and the Churchyard* from the *Tales*, and *Dust* (*Støv*), one of the most striking of the short stories. In the volume whose title is given by Goldschmidt's story *The Flying Mail* (Boston, 1870), are *The Eagle's Nest* and *The Father*, by S. and E. Hjerleid; *The Father* is also in *Norwegian and Swedish Poems*, translated by G. A. Dahl, Bergen, 1872. In *Life by the Fells and Fiords*, already cited, are: *The Churchyard and the Railroad; The Father; Faithfulness; Thrond; Blakken; A Life's Enigma; Checked Imagination; The Eagle's Nest; A Dangerous Wooing; The Brothers' Quarrel; The Eagle and the Fir.* In *The Happy Lad, and Other Tales*, previously cited, are: *The Eagle's Nest* and *The Father. Railroad and Churchyard*, finally, is included in the volume with *Fair Kate*, by Paul Heyse, in the Seaside Library, 1882. The only series of translations thus far published is that by R. B. Anderson, in eight volumes, *Björnstjerne Björnson's Works*, author's edition, Boston, 1881–83; London, 1884. The contents have already been noted in detail. A series under the editorship of Edmund Gosse, published by Macmillan, has been begun. Two volumes have thus far appeared, both this year—viz., *Synnöve Solbakken* and *Arne*.

Björnson's dramas have been far less generally translated than his stories; in point of fact, but five of the whole fifteen have as yet been put into an English garb. *De Nygifte* has been rendered twice: *The Newly Married Couple*, by Theodor Soelfeldt, London [1868]; and with the same title by S. and E. Hjerleid, London, 1870. A version of *Mary Stuart in Scotland* appeared in *Scandinavia*, Chicago, 1883–84. *Sigurd Slembe*, by W. M. Payne, was published, Boston, 1888. *Over Ævne* appeared as *Pastor Sang*, by William Wilson, London, 1893; *En Hanske* as *A Gauntlet*, by Osman Edwards, London, 1894.

Of the poems, *Arnljot Gelline* has never yet found a translator. The lyrics, as contained in the novels and tales, have usually been translated in their proper places in the text, and there are versions of many of the songs. No considerable collection, however, has yet been made.

Besides the foregoing, to complete, as near as may be, a bibliography in English, the following articles have been published in American magazines: in *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1881, *Norway's Constitutional Struggle*; in *Harper's Monthly*, 1889, *Norway and Its People*, in three papers. Last of all in the list, a pamphlet in English on the "Flag Question" was privately printed as manuscript in 1882, and sent to the editors of the principal journals in the seaboard cities of the United States.

Unlike Ibsen, Björnson in the main has fared badly at the hands of his translators. His style in the novels and tales is so lucid and unaffected, and his vocabulary as a whole so easy to comprehend that it seems as if it ought to be the simplest possible matter to render it all into graceful, flowing English. Therein, I think, has lain the principal difficulty. The very simplicity of most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it has furnished the pitfall to trap the unwary, and almost all of Björnson's translators have been apparently unsuspicious of the actual difficulty of their task. Aside from the fact that in the process of turning good Norse into bad English all sorts of errors of commission have been made, their great besetting sin is that, misled by its artful ingenuousness, they have attempted to better their originals, with most disastrous results. In but few of the translations—those of the late Walter Low are among the best—have we Björnson as he really is.

William H. Carpenter.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLING.

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED IN GERMANY FOR THE PREVENTION OF UNDERSELLING AND FOR PROMOTING THE SALE OF BOOKS.

(Abridged from an address made in London by William Heinemann.)

I.

In no business is there more reason for some sort of understanding among its members than in this business of bookselling, because only through an intimate understanding is it possible to create and maintain that most necessary feeling of interest and enthusiasm for the fascinating but unprofitable business in which we are engaged, which should induce us besides doing well for ourselves, to do something also for those who are to follow us. Bookselling is admittedly not the easiest of trades—perhaps it is the most difficult. It requires a better education, wider reading, and more discretion than any other retail business. I should say that no man can be a competent bookseller who has not also been a reader of many books. A bookseller should know the niceties of style, the value of standard literature as well as of momentary sensation; he should appreciate the classics, and revel also in the latest fad or craze of the hour; he should have a small—shall I say a nodding—acquaintance with almost every branch of human knowledge. It would be well for him to know something about the best authorities in the fields of law, of medicine, and of science generally. It would be an advantage to him if he were able to tell his client who is the first authority on whatever subject the client might consult him about. He should be just as certain what to recommend as the standard book on diphtheria as he should know which Latin Syntax is likely to meet the requirements of the young gentlemen who are invited to join the recently founded local boarding establishment for sons of the clergy and gentry. He should be able to recommend to his legal friend a treatise on the Law of Contract just as readily as he should be able to say to the artist who visits his shop: "This is the book which you should study on the composition of pigments."

This may seem utopian to you, impossible perhaps to expect of the assistant who comes to you green from school—even after many years of patient instruction. It may be an impossibility for any man to be entirely *au courant* with the literature of the world so as to be able at a moment's notice to remember the standard work on every odd and awkward subject—in such an extraordinary way, for instance, as our *confrère*, Mr. Quaritch, has mastered almost every branch of the antiquarian book trade. But it is necessary that we should have booksellers who are able to compile and to consult bibliographical material containing (or which should contain) all this special knowledge.

This leads me to the theme which you have asked me to discuss with you this evening, viz.: the way in which an organisation which might create these and other happy changes in our business has actually worked elsewhere, has inspired hope and confidence in a sinking business, and has filled with pride and confidence those who must always be regarded as the first and highest—just as they are the most intelligent—of all retailers of goods—the booksellers. I am referring to the Society of German Booksellers, which, under the name of the "Börsenverein der Deutschen Buchhändler zu Leipzig," was founded in 1825, and has grown to be the centre of the book trade of almost the whole continent of Europe. For, although the special book trade of France may be localised in Paris, and the book trade of Italy in several publishing centres such as Rome, Naples and Milan; that of Spain in Madrid, and so forth; still Leipzig is the centre from which intercommunication with the various centres takes place. It has become the pay-house, as well as the exchange and forwarding agency of the book trade of the world, simply and solely through its superb organisation—an organisation which started with means much humbler, from beginnings much less promising, than those which bring so interesting and representative a body here to-night.

It is generally laid down as the purpose of the "Börsenverein" that it shall devote its attention to the benefit of the German book trade irrespective of personal interests, both as regards its internal organisation and its relations to foreign book trades as well as to all allied trades, and the general public. It divides its activity under four heads.

There is the maintenance of the various establishments which serve for meeting purposes—for business transacted in Leipzig, and for the settlement of all annual accounts.

Then there is the drawing up of the rules according to which the book trade generally shall be carried on, both with regard to the minimum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discount that the bookseller is entitled to from the publisher, and the maximum discount that the bookseller is to accord to his customer.

Thirdly, you have the Benevolent Society, for the benefit of the aged, the disabled, and also the widows and orphans of all who are connected with the book trade.

And lastly, there is a special branch devoted to the encouragement of sub-organisations among local booksellers in every important town or district, all of which have to pledge themselves to maintain in principle the rules and regulations of the "Börsenverein," but who among themselves adapt them in such a way as the particular *clientèle* of their locality demands. This, you see, is a sort of local government under the general authority of the home parliament.

The conditions of membership of the "Börsenverein" are personal integrity, proof that the candidate seeking admission is genuinely and professionally engaged in the book trade, either as principal, partner, or responsible manager of the business; and lastly, the undertaking to submit unconditionally to the rules and regulations of the "Börsenverein," and to abide by the decisions arrived at by the committee in general meeting.

The entrance fee is 30s. and the annual subscription, 6s. The membership is personal and not connected with the firm.

The headquarters of the "Börsenverein" are located in the "Buchhändlerhaus"—a magnificent palatial building. It consists of a large assembly hall, and a number of smaller offices and apartments, and being the *rendezvous*—at least during the Easter Fair—of nearly every bookseller in the Empire, has assumed almost the aspect of a club house.

A number of clerks, under the general supervision of a responsible secretary, are engaged in the offices of the Association, in continual correspondence with the three thousand members, and also in the compilation of the *Börsenblatt der Deutschen Buchhändler*, a daily paper devoted entirely to the interests of the German book trade, which contains all the official announcements of the committee with regard to rules to be observed, as well as notices of forthcoming meetings. It also contains a daily list of all books, pamphlets, papers, music, maps, published in Germany; a weekly list of foreign publications—English French, Italian, Scandinavian, Russian—and, from time to time, lists of the smaller literatures and less accessible books. There are also occasional papers relating to matters concerning the book trade generally; not only to the bookseller's business, but to the publisher's business, and even to the allied trades, such as papermaking and printing. The *Börsenblatt* is open to every member of the "Börsenverein" for any communication he may see fit to address to it.

Before 1887, the discount system had made such ravages in the ranks of discount booksellers, that its abolition or continuance became a matter of life or death. It was apparent that the self-respecting members of the trade must either combine and put down the abuses or submit to a greedy and improvident majority and be crushed to the wall.

It was then that the present rules had to be drawn up, which regulated absolutely and definitely the discount which should be given, which defined remainders, and which claimed for the "Börsenverein" supreme legislation in all matters concerning business disputes. It was laid down first of all that the discount, which had risen to 25 per cent., should be abolished in the ordinary way, but that 10 per cent. could be accorded to public institutions and regular customers for cash. If any bookseller were reported to the "Börsenverein" for having broken this rule, the matter was to be inquired into, with the result that if the case was proved against the accused he was to be turned out of the "Börsenverein," which was practically the losing of the bookseller's civil rights.

Let us presume that in some centre a black sheep made its appearance and offered a large stock at a discount to the public, or was even found giving special discounts openly or secretly, thereby attracting buyers, who, the "Börsenverein" maintains, should be divided in proper proportion among the different booksellers of the place. The fact of the discount having been offered or given would at once be communicated to the head office in Leipzig, whence a warning would be sent to the offender. He would then have an opportunity of explaining his conduct. If such explanation was satisfactory, the result of the inquiry would be communicated to the informant and there the matter would end. If, however, the explanation was not satisfactory, or no explanation was forthcoming, he would then be deprived of the privileges of the "Börsenverein;" that is to say, an announcement would be sent out to every bookseller and publisher throughout the Empire, stating that he had been excluded from the "Börsenverein," and calling upon every member to cease doing business with him in any form or shape whatsoever.

By this circular, every publisher's account throughout the length and breadth of the land would be closed to him; and his wholesale agent —corresponding to our Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Company (from whom we receive the "English Notes" in this department)—would at once stop his account and his credit, suing him at common law for whatever sum he might at the moment owe.

So stringent are the instructions of the "Börsenverein" on this subject, that any publisher or wholesale agent would expose himself to the same treatment as the offending bookseller should he supply him with goods. He would be warned at first, and then similarly excluded, with the effect that, if a publisher, no reputable bookseller in Germany would stock a book of his; if a wholesale agent, the whole of his business would be immediately transferred to a rival firm, of which there are many in Leipzig.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE POPE LIBRARY.

The most important bibliographical event of recent times is the sale, made privately, of the great library belonging to Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn. The entire collection, one of the finest in the United States, cost Mr. Pope about $200,000, and has been purchased by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is, without doubt, the largest purchase of old books ever made by any firm or bookseller on this side of the Atlantic, and we know of but one larger made this century, that of the library of Earl Spencer in Europe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A list of the notable books would be, practically, a catalogue of the library. It embraces some of the rarest and finest volumes of the English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—folio and quarto Shakspeares and all the great poets and dramatists being largely represented. While it cannot be said that any collection is perfect in this respect, the Pope Library comes nearer to it than most, and includes many extremely valuable and unique books. There are two Caxtons and several Wynkin de Wordes. In the department of Americana, or books relating to the early history of America and the States, there is a very choice collection ; and the English literature and poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are finely represented. The majority of the great writers of these later epochs is found in this collection to be in immaculate condition, uncut and in fine bindings ; in fact, almost all the books in this library are unexceptionable in this respect.

Not the least interesting portion of this wonderful collection is that of books with illustrations, of which there are large numbers, containing many thousands of inserted plates ; some of these the work of Mr. Assay, who was an adept in extra illustrating. The prints in these books are interspersed with most interesting autograph letters of literary men of all times. The separate autograph letters and documents, although numbering but a comparatively few, are without exception those most prized by the collector. There is a fine series of the best works on bibliography. The French books, forming a minor part of this collection, comprise some of the most beautiful and artistic work of this century. In manuscripts on vellum, there is the famous Charles VI. missal, which contains a vast number of superb miniatures.

In short, the three thousand and odd volumes which would go to make up a complete catalogue of this library consist largely of the most illustrious authors in poetry, drama, history, art, and bibliography from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present date. The library is now being arranged and priced, and in the early autumn will be offered for sale by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company at their store on Fifth Avenue. It will afford a rare opportunity to book collectors and to libraries, public and private, to secure books that are rarely found, and very many of which are not obtainable once in a decade, or, indeed, ever offered for sale.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1895.

Sales in the first week of July were rather light, being broken by Independence Day and its attractions. From that time on, however, there has been an increasing business, better in proportion to that of the last few months, and comparing favourably with July's sales in previous years. Mail orders have particularly in many cases been for quantities instead of single copies, thus indicating a tendency to stock, while even the city trade has had its share of improvement.

Library trade, usually very quiet during the summer, has shown considerable activity, not only in the matter of orders, but in lists to be priced and inquiries for catalogues, suggesting an early renewal of business in this department.

Guide-books to the summer resorts in the mountains and at the sea-shore sell readily, also works on outdoor recreation. *How to Know the Wild Flowers* still continues its remarkable popularity, while of the later books, *Birds of Eastern North America* and *Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden* lead the van.

The various volumes of historical publications recently issued continue to meet with a good demand, while those of biography are little called for.

In paper-bound books there has been issued nothing of especial importance during the month, but the works of Captain King, Conan Doyle and J. M. Barrie in paper covers have sold readily. *Social Evolution* in this cheap form is also selling well, and the publishers ran out of it for some time while reprinting. A marked feature of this summer's trade has been the popularity of the Buckram Series and sixteenmo style of books. In addition to Henry Holt and Company's series, mentioned in a previous number, is F. A. Stokes Company's, including *In the Midst of Alarms*, *The Face and the Mask* and others ; also the series in which several single volumes have been published, such as *The Play-Actress*, by Crockett, and *The Kentucky Cardinal*, by J. L. Allen. In fiction, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, *The Woman Who Did* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* have sustained their popularity unabated, while *Trilby* has come to almost a standstill in point of sale.

The new titles for the month contain a number of books by well-known writers, such as *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward ; *Fort Frayne*, by Captain Charles King ; *My Lady Nobody*, by Maarten Maartens, and *An Imaginative Man*, by R. S. Hichens ; also several editions of *Chiffon's Marriage*, by Gyp.

In subjects of a more serious character, *Degeneration*, *Foundations of Belief*, and *Outlines of Social Theology* are selling steadily. Fiction naturally leads in demand at this time of year, as will readily be seen by reference to the following list of most called-for books.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

Fort Frayne. By Captain Charles King. $1.25.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Tryphena in Love. By Walter Raymond. 75 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. ; cloth, $1.00.

Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. $3.00.

Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. By F. Schuyler Mathews. $1.75.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Revised edition, net, $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.
With the Procession. By H. B. Fuller. $1.25.
Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. $1.00.
Yale Yarns. By J. S. Wood. $1.00.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1895.

The month just concluded was as uneventful as July generally is, and presented very few features of any interest. Business has been very slow throughout the month, and hardly up to the average. The demand for recent literature kept up fairly well, and although financial works are still selling largely, the extraordinary vogue they enjoyed a few weeks ago no longer exists.

The new books published during July were, from a business point of view, as dull as the month itself, and not one of them was even moderately successful. The best of them—the best of a poor lot—was *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has not reached expectations so far, but may sell better later on. The various editions of *Chiffon's Marriage*, which seems to have been the *Trilby* of Paris, have also sold well, the edition published by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company finding perhaps most favour in the eyes of the Western public. Messrs. Scribner's cheap reprint of *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina* were in good demand by the country trade, and will doubtless do better still.

Western booksellers are now busy purchasing supplies for the autumn trade, and the travelling agents of the various publishing houses report that they are very well satisfied with the results of their July sales. In fact, business has, so far, exceeded their anticipation, and it would seem that booksellers are regaining a little of the confidence that has been so sadly lacking during the last two or three years.

The game of golf seems to have come to stay with us. The literature of the game is, so far as this country is concerned, confined to three or four books, for all of which there are frequent calls. Perhaps the most elaborate treatise on the game is the work on golf in the Badminton Library, but the most popular work with beginners, or, for that matter, the initiated, is the useful and cheap little handbook of the game as played in America, issued in Dodd, Mead and Company's Athletics Series.

The demand for outdoor books is still great. One of the most successful of the recent books on our home birds is Chapman's *Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America*. Judging from the ready sale it is meeting with, it would seem to be the best handbook on the subject as well as the most pleasing.

In regard to the leading books of the hour, *Trilby* sold better last month than it did in June, stimulated, no doubt, by the drama of that name now being played in the West. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* again surpassed its last record. *The Manxman* and all of Stanley Weyman's books sold well, but with the exception of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which went as fast this month as at any time since its publication, the other works of Anthony Hope had but an ordinary sale. S. R. Crockett holds his own, and his beautiful little story, *The Play-Actress*, which heretofore has not sold very well in the West, seems to have caught a favourable current.

The following is a list of the books which led the sales last month:

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Chiffon's Marriage. By Gyp. 50 cts.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M. Chapman. $3.00.
The Master By I. Zangwill. $1.75.
An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.50.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1 25.
With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. $1.25.
A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
Chimmie Fadden, First and Second Series. By E. W. Townsend. Each, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, June 24 to July 20, 1895.

In the last report the hope was expressed that the lowest point of depression in the trade had been reached. This hope has been realised, for there has been from the date above written a noticeable improvement. This is the more appreciated as the prospect of a dissolution of Parliament usually brings business almost to a standstill. The volume of trade generally is about normal, but the detail is greater than ever. So much for home trade. Abroad English literature is still in as good demand as ever, judging from orders received from all parts of the earth, and sometimes from very remote parts indeed. Who would expect an order for a work on electricity from a petty potentate in Java?

The number of new books and new editions is considerably less than last month, although many excellent works have appeared—works that are likely to live.

S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, S. J. Weyman, and Conan Doyle appear to be the favourites in the fiction department. Their books continue in steady demand at a time of the year when, as a rule, six-shilling novels do not form a very important item in trade.

Appended is a list of the leading publications in demand at the moment of writing. It must be borne in mind that the sale of such standard favourites as Braddon, Dickens, Scott, Besant, Black, Blackmore, and many others is as good as ever, but in this list are included the more recent issues. The same remark applies equally to all branches of literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Zoraida. By W. Le Queux 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By G. Parker. 6s.
Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By C. Doyle. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*
Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.
Duncan's Investment and Speculation. 2s. 6d. *net.*
Li Hungchang. By Prof. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
Lord John Russell. By S. J. Reid. 3s. 6d.
Wild England of To-day. By C. J. Cornish. 12s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. *net.*

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 1 and August 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Imaginative Man. By Hichens. $1.25. (Appleton.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Celibates. By Moore. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. With The Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1 Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Chimmie Fadden, First Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)
2. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. A Lost Endeavour. By Boothby. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. An Experiment in Altruism. By Hastings. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Russian Rambles. By Hapgood. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. The Impregnable City. By Pemberton. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Dr. Izard. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
5. Diplomatic Disenchantments. By Biglow. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Plated City. By Perry. $1.25. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. When Valmond came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50. (Sone & Kimball.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Gallic Girl. By "Gyp." $1.25. (Brentanos.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Barras Memoirs. By Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. The National Military Park, Chickamauga, Chattanooga. By Boynton. $1.50. (The Robt. Clarke Company.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Master Knot and Another Story. By "Conover Duff." 75 cts. (Holt & Co.)
2. Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Shadow of a Crime. By Caine. $1.50. (Knight.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Hispaniola Plate. By Burton $1.00. (Cassell.)
3. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1 00. (Putnam.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. The Story of Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)
3. The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. Paper, 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. Chimmie Fadden. Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. and $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poetry. By Scudder. $1.75. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Dr. Izard. By Green. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnams.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Children of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
5. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Studies in Theology. By Denney. $1.50. (A. C. Armstrong.)
3. Love and Quiet Life. By Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Manitoba School Question. By Ewart. $2.00. (Copp, Clark & Co.)
5. Sir Robert's Fortune. By Oliphant. 75 cts. Paper edition. (Methuen.)
6. Peter Steele, the Cricketeer. By Hutchinson. 90 cts. (Macmillan.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Ladies' Juggernaut. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Publishing Co.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A Study in Prejudices. By Paston. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
4. In Deacon's Orders, etc. By Besant. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00 (Scribner.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
2. Billy Bellew. By Norris. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Western Archipelago. By Field. $2.00. (Scribner.)
4. Suppressed Chapters. By Bridges. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Ladies' Juggernaut. By Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Publishing Co.)
6. Black Adonis. By Ross. 50 cts. (G. W. Dillingham.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Into the Highways and Hedges. By Montréson. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50, net. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Gods, etc. Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Suppressed Chapters. By Bridges. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. The Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Sónya Kovalévsky. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. My Literary Passions. By Howells. $1.25. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
6. Chimmie Fadden, second series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENSON, R. M.—The Final Passover. Vol. II, The Upper Chamber, Part 2. 16mo, pp. xxv–550, $1.75.....Longmans

BIGG, C.—Neoplatonism. 16mo, pp. iii–355, $1.25.....Young

BLACK, J. S.—The Christian Consciousness: Its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrines. 12mo, pp. xi–244, $1.25...Lee & S.

CLARE, A.—Foundation-Stones: Fifteen Lessons on the Founding of the Church in England. 16mo, pp. 187, 80c.....Young

COLEMAN, L.—The Church in America. 12mo, pp. 391, $2.50.....Pott

DIGGLE, J. W.—Religious Doubt: Its Nature, Treatment, Causes, etc. 12mo, pp. xii–371, $2.00.....Longmans

DONOHOE, T.—The Iroquois and the Jesuits: the Story of the Labors of the Catholic Missionaries among these Indians. 12mo, pp. xiv–276, $1.25 *net*.Buffalo Catholic Pub. Co.

EAGAR, A. R.—The City of the Living God. 16mo, pp. 224, $1.00.....Young

LAZARUS, JOSEPHINE.—The Spirit of Judaism. 16mo, pp. 202, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

Lent (A) in London: a Course of Sermons on Social Subjects. 12mo, pp. v–239, $1.25. Longmans

LEONARD, D. L.—A Hundred Years of Missions; or, The Story of Progress Since Carey's Beginning. 12mo, pp. iii–430, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls

MCLEAN, A.—Missionary Addresses. 12mo, pp. 298, $1.00.....Christian Pub. Co.

PALMER, W.—Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840–1841. 12mo, pp. xxiv–573, $3.00.....Longmans

ROBINSON, Miss L. L.—The Story of Jesus of Nazareth. 12mo, pp. ii–270, 75 cents *net*. Young Churchman Co.

ROBINSON, E. G.—Christian Evidences. 12mo, pp. 159, $1.25.....Silver, Burdett

STRONG, T. B.—Platonism. 16mo, pp. 288, $1.25.....Young

STEVENS, G. B.—Doctrine and Life: a Study of Some of the Principal Truths of the Christian Religion, etc. 12mo, pp. vi–247, $1.25. Silver, Burdett

THOBURN, J. M.—The Christless Nations. 12mo, pp. 214, $1.00.....Hunt & Eaton

TISDALL, W. ST. C.—The Religion of the Crescent; or, Islam: Its Strength, its Weakness, its Origin, etc. 16mo, pp. x–251, $1.50. Young

FICTION.

ALDEN, MRS. ISABELLA M. ["Pansy"].—What They Couldn't: a Home Story. 12mo, pp. iii–424, $1.50.....Lothrop

BARRETT, R. N.—In the Land of the Sunrise: a Story of a Japanese Family. 12mo, pp. x–192, $1.00..... Baptist Book Concern

BOOTH, MRS. ELIZA M. J.—Master Wilberforce: the Study of a Boy. 12mo, pp. iv–342, $1.00.....Putnam

BROWN, ALICE.—Meadow-Grass: Tales of New England Life. 16mo, pp. iii–315, $1.50. Copeland

BROWNE, G. F.—Augustine and His Companions. 16mo, pp. 200, 80 cents.....Young

DAVIS, VARINA A. J.—The Veiled Doctor: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 220, $1.25.....Harper

DEFOE, DANIEL.—The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders. Edited by G. A. Aitken. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. xxiv–204; iii–213, $2.00.....Macmillan

DIX, GERTRUDE,—The Girl from the Farm. 16mo, pp. iii–208, $1.00.....Roberts

DOLE, N. H.—On the Point: a Summer Idyl. 16mo, pp. ii–252, $1.00.....Knight

DOYLE, A., AND OTHERS.—Strange Secrets. 12mo, pp. 287, $1.00.....Fenno

FLETCHER, J. S.—When Charles the First was King: a Romance of Osgoldcross, 1632–1649. 12mo, pp. x–418, $1.50.....McClurg

FORRESTER, MRS.—Too Late Repented. 12mo, pp. ii–295, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lippincott

FORSYTH, J.—The Making of Mary. 12mo, pp. xvii–173, paper, 50 cents.....Cassell

FOWLER, HENRIETTA E.—The Young Pretenders. 12mo, pp. iv–231, $1.50.....Longmans

GISSING, G.—In the Year of Jubilee. 12mo, pp. ii–404, cloth, $1.00: paper, 50 cents. Appleton

GUERBER, H. A.—Legends of the Rhine. 12mo, pp. xviii–350, $2.00.....Barnes

"GYP."—Chiffon's Marriage. Translated by M. L. J. 16mo, pp. 243, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Lovell, Coryell

HART, B.—Always Upward. 16mo, pp. 296, $1.25.....Revell Co.

HAWKINS, EMMA D. KELLEY.—Four Girls at Cottage City. 12mo, pp. iii–379, $1.00. Continental Printing Co.

HICHENS, ROB. S.—An Imaginative Man. 12mo, pp. ii–287, $1.25.....Appleton

HOLLEY, MARIETTA.—Josiah's Alarm; and Abel Perry's Funeral. 16mo, pp. 85, 50 cents. Lippincott

HUME, F.—The White Prior: a Family Mystery. 16mo, pp. iv–160, 40 cents....Warne

HUME, FERGUS.—The Island of Fantasy: a Romance. 12mo, pp. vii–453, paper, 50 cents. U. S. Book Co.

KING, C.—Captain Dreams, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. v–210, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Lippincott

KING, C.—The Story of Fort Frayne. 12mo, pp. ii–310, $1.25.....Neely

MAARTENS, MAARTEN.—My Lady Nobody: a Novel. 12mo, pp. v–413, $1.75.....Harper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACMAHON, ELLA.—A Modern Man. 16mo, pp. iii–192, 75 cents.....Macmillan

MARRYATT, FLORENCE.—At Heart a Rake. 12mo, pp. ii–341, $1.00.....Cassell

MEIRION, ELLINOR.—Cause and Effect. 16mo, pp. 291, 75 cents.....Putnam

MURPHY, C. T.—*The Miller of Glanmirep*: an Irish Story. 12mo, pp. ii–227, $1.50. G. W. Barker

PAYNE, H.—The Meredith Marriage: a Novel. 12mo, pp. v–277, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Bonner

PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Little Huguenot: a Romance of Fontainebleau. Narrow 16mo, pp. 177, 75 cents.....Dodd, M.

REMINGTON, F.—Pony Tracks, 8vo, pp. viii–269, $3.00.....Harper

ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—At a Great Cost. 12mo, pp. iv–348, cloth, $1.00; paper 50 cents.....Bonner

ROSS, ALBERT.—A Black Adonis. 12mo, paper, pp. iii–318, 50 cents.....G. W. Dillingham

SCULLY, W. C.—Kafir Stories. 16mo, pp, viii–194, 75 cents.....Holt

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Mistress of Quest: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iv–336, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

SHARP, EVELYN.—At the Relton Arms. 16mo, pp. v–225, $1.00.....Roberts

Short Stories from Outing. 12mo, pp. v–189, 50 cents.....Outing Pub. Co.

STUART, ESME.—Harum Scarum: the Story of a Wild Girl. 12mo, pp. iv–308, cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.....International News Co.

THOMPSON, E. W.—Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. iii–289, $1.00...Crowell

TOMPKINS, ELIZABETH KNIGHT.—Her Majesty: a Romance of To-day. 12mo, pp. iii–222, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Putnam

TREVELYAN, SIR G.—The Competition Wallah. 12mo, pp. 355, $1.75.....Macmillan

WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—The Story of Bessie Costrell. 16mo, pp. 180, 75 cents. Macmillan

WALFORD, MRS. LUCY B.—Ploughed, and Other Stories. 12mo, paper, pp. vi–288, 50 cents. N. Y. Longmans

WELLS, AMOS R.—Foreman Jennie; a Young Woman of Business. 12mo, pp. iv–268, $1.25.....Wilde

WESTFALL, W.—Sons of Belial. 12mo, pp. ii–294, $1.00.....Cassell

WILLIAMS, G. F.—Bullet and Shell: a Soldier's Romance. 8vo, pp. vii–454, $1.50. Fords, Howard & H.

WINTER, J. S.—A Magnificent Young Man. 12mo, pp. 325, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Lippincott

POETRY, AND THE DRAMA.

ARNOLD, E.—The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems. 12mo, pp. viii–159, $1.50..Longmans

SMITH, S. F.—Poems of Home and Country, etc. Edited by H. B. Carrington. 8vo, pp. xxvi–382, $1.50.....Silver, Burdett

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ALISON, A.—Europe from the French Revolution, 1785, to the Fall of Napoleon, 1815; abridged by E. S. Gould. 8vo, pp. xxiv–532, $2.00.....Barnes

BARRY, A.—England's Mission to India. 16mo, pp. 214, $1.25.....Young

CONWAY, SIR W. M.—The Alps from End to End. 8vo, pp. xii–403, $7.00.....Macmillan

DOUGLAS, R. K.—Li Hung Chang. 12mo, pp. 251, $1.25.....Warne

FOWLER, M.—Some Notable Archbishops of Canterbury. 8vo, pp. iii–222, $1.25..Young

JENKS, E.—The History of the Australasian Colonies (from their Foundation to the year 1893). 12mo, pp. xvi–352, $1.60 *net*. Macmillan

MILN, LOUISE.—Quaint Corea. 12mo, pp. viii–306, $1.75.....Scribner

ROBERTS, W. R.—The Ancient Bœotians: Their Character and Culture and their Reputation. 8vo, pp. 92, $1.40 *net*.....Macmillan

SMITH, J. E. A.—The Poet Among the Hills—Oliver Wendell Holmes in Berkshire. 12mo, pp. ii–182, $1.00.....Blatchford

SMITH, B. B.—Sir John Franklin and the Romance of the North-West Passage. 16mo, pp. 160, 75 cents.....Revell

TREVOR-BATTYE, AUBYN.—Ice-bound on Kolguev: a Chapter in the Exploration of Arctic Europe, etc. 8vo, pp. xxviii–458, $7.00. Macmillan.

SCIENCE, ART, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

ALLEN, GRANT.—The Story of the Plants. 16mo, pp. iii–213, 40 cents.....Appleton

BABINGTON, W. D.—Fallacies of Race Theories as Applied to Race Characteristics: Essays. 12mo, pp. xii–277 .....Longmans

BEDDARD, F. E.—Text-Book of Zoogeography. 12mo, pp. 246, $1.60 *net*.....Macmillan

BLISS, W. D. P.—A Hand-Book of Socialism. 12mo, pp. x–291, $1.25.....Scribner

HOLMES, F. M.—Chemists and Their Wonders: Story of the Application of Chemistry to Various Arts and Manufactures. 16mo, pp. 160–ii, 75 cents.....Revell

KAPPELER, G. J.—Modern American Drinks: How to Mix and Serve all Kinds of Drinks. 16mo, pp. ii–120, $1.00.....Merriam Co.

KNOBEL, E.—Beetles of New England and Their Kind. Oblong 24mo, paper, pp. 45, 50 cents *net*.....Whidden

MACDOUGAL, D. T.—Experimental Plant Physiology. 8vo, pp. v–88, $1.00. .....Holt

MASPERO, G.—Manual of Egyptian Archæology and Guide to the Studies of Antiquities in Egypt. Translated by Amelia B. Edwards. 12mo, pp. xxiii–360, $2.25.....Putnam

MENSCHUTKIN, N.—Analytical Chemistry. Translated from the third German edition, under supervision of the author, by J. A. Locke. 8vo, pp. 512, $4.00 *net*...Macmillan

SAMPSON, C. A.—Strength: a Treatise on the Development and Use of Muscle. 12mo, pp. iv.–240, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Rand, McNally

SEEBOHM, F.—Tribal System in Wales: Part of an Inquiry into the Structure and Methods of Tribal Society. 8vo, pp. xiv–111, $4.00. N. Y. Longmans

STANTON, S. W.—American Steam Vessels. 8vo, pp. vii–498, $5.00 .....Smith & Stanton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VAN DYKE, T. S.—Game Birds at Home. 12mo, pp. ii–219, $1.50.....Fords, Howard & H.

WHEELER, E. P.—Real Bimetallism; or, True Coin versus False Coin. 12mo, pp. vi–91, 75 cents.....Putnam

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLERIDGE, S. T.—The Golden Book of Coleridge; edited, with an introduction, by Stopford A. Brooke. 16mo, pp. 289, $1.50. Macmillan

DAVIDSON, J.—Sentences and Paragraphs. Narrow 16mo, pp. vii–134, $1.00.....Dodd, M.

GUERBER, H. A.—Myths of Northern Lands, Narrated with Special Reference to Literature and Art. 12mo, pp. ii–319, $1.50. American Book Co.

MOONEY, MARGARET S.—Foundation Studies in Literature. 12mo, pp. xiv–292, $1.25. Silver, Burdett

SCRIPTURE, E. W.—Thinking, Feeling, Doing. 12mo, pp. 304, $1.50.....Flood & Vincent

Trilbyana: the Rise and Progress of a Popular Novel. 8vo, pp. iv–41, 25 cents, special edition, $1.00 *net*.....Critic Co.

TUCKER, G. M.—Our Common Speech: Six Papers on topics connected with the proper use of the English language, etc. 16mo, pp. iv–240, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

WARR, G. C. W.—The Greek Epic. 16mo, pp. iii–288, $1.25.....Young

WINTER, W.—Shadows of the Stage, Third Series. 24mo, pp. iii–351, 75 cents. Macmillan

---

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOSCAWEN, W. St. C.—The Bible and the Monuments. 8vo, pp. 178, 5/-.....Eyre & S.

CUST, R. N.—Essay on the Common Features which appear in all Forms of Religious Belief. Cr. 8vo, 5/- *net*.....Luzac

KINGSLAND, W.—The Esoteric Basis of Christianity. Post 8vo, pp. 232, 3/6 *net*. Theosophical Pub. Co.

SAINT HILAIRE, J. B.—The Buddha and His Religion. Translated by Laura Ensor. Post 8vo, pp. 380, 5/-.....Routledge

POETRY.

ANSTEY, F.—Lyre and Lancet. Cr. 8vo, 3/- Smith & E.

FORD, R.—Tayside Songs, and Other Verses. Post 8vo, pp. 302, 3/6 *net*.....A. Gardner

MILLS, E. J.—My Only Child: Poems in her Memory. Cr. 8vo, pp. 158, 5/-...Constable

RADFORD, DOLLIE.—Songs and Verses. 12mo, pp. 94, 4/6 *net*.....Lane

RADFORD, E.—Old and New: A Collection of Poems. Post 8vo, pp. 194, 5/- *net*...Unwin

ROBINSON, C. N.—The Viol of Love. Post 8vo, pp. 64, 5/- *net*.....Lane

THOMPSON, F.—Sister Songs: an Offering to two Sisters. 4to, pp. 60, 5/- *net*.....Lane

FICTION.

AIDE, H.—Elizabeth's Pretenders. Post 8vo, pp. 330, 6/-.....Chapman

AMYAND, A.—Comrades in Arms: a Military Romance. Post 8vo, pp. 470, 6/-...Osgood

BELL, LILIAN.—The Love Affairs of an Old Maid. Post 8vo, pp. 190, 3/6. .....Low

BENNETT, EMILY,—Bewitched. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 21/-.....Bentley

BENSON, E. F.—The Judgment Books. Post 8vo, pp. 222, 3/6.....Osgood

BERNHARD, MARIE.—For My Own Sake. Cr. 8vo, 6/-.....Internat. News Co.

BLOOMFIELD, W.—Holdenhurst Hall. Cr. 8vo, pp. 292, 6/-.....T. F. Unwin

CADELL, MRS. H. M.—Worthy: a Study of Friendship. Cr. 8vo, pp. 518, 3/6. Remington

CAMERON, MISS L.—A Soul Astray: a Novel. Cr. 8vo, pp. 292, 6/-.....F. V. White

CARREL, F.—An Education. Post 8vo, pp. 372. 6/-.....W. Scott

CHRISTIAN, S.—Two Mistakes. Cr. 8vo, pp. 188, 3/6.....Low

CRACKANTHORPE, H.—Sentimental Studies, and a Set of Village Tales. Cr. 8vo, pp. 278, 6/- Heinemann

CROSS, MARY.—As Gold in the Furnace. Cr. 8vo, 6/-.....Stock

DIX, GERTRUDE.—The Girl from the Farm. Post 8vo, pp. 230, 3/6 *net*.....Lane

FORRESTER, MRS.—Too Late Repented. Post 8vo, pp. 290, 6/-.....Hurst & B.

GORDON, JULIEN.—Poppœa: a Novel. Cr. 8vo, 3/6.....Routledge

HAGGARD, A.—Comrades in Arms. Cr. 8vo, 6/- Osgood

HARDY, A. S. F.—Princess and Priest, and Mademoiselle Etienne. Post 8vo, pp. 250, 3/6.....Downey

HICHENS, R. S.—An Imaginative Man. Post 8vo, pp. 246, 6/-.....Heinemann

HOLMES, ELEANOR.—To-day and To-morrow. 3 vols., cr. 8vo, pp. 922, 21/-.....Hurst

HUNGERFORD, MRS.—A Tug of War: a Novel. Post 8vo, pp. 94, 6/-.....F. V. White

JAMES, C. T. C.—Always Wrong: a Novel. 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 31/6.....Ward & D.

JOHNSON, E. P.—The White Wampum. Post 8vo, pp. 86, 5/- *net*.....Lane

JONES, P.—The Pobratim: a Slav Novel. Post 8vo, pp. 400, 6/- *net*.....Nichols

KENNARD, MRS. EDWARD.—Fooled by a Woman: a Novel. Cr. 8vo, pp. 318, 6/-.F. V. White

LAFARGUE, P.—The Salt of the Earth. Cr. 8vo, pp. 240, 3/6.....Constable

LE QUEUX, W.—Stolen Souls. Post 8vo, pp. 320, 6/-.....Tower Pub. Co.

LUNDEGARD, A.—The Storm-Bird. Translated from the Swedish by Agnes Kilgour. Post 8vo, pp. 160, 3/6.....Hodder Bros.

MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Mountain Lovers. Cr. 8vo, pp. 250, 3/6 *net*.....Lane

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAITLAND, ELLA F.—Pages from the Daybook of Bethia Hardacre. Post 8vo, pp. 300, 5/- Chapman

MARSH, MRS.—Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband. Post 8vo, pp. 188, 3/-...Heinemann

MATHERS, HELEN.—The Lovely Malincourt. Cr. 8vo, 3/6.....Jarrold

MEADE, L. T.—The Beresford Prize. Post 8vo, pp. 356, 3/6.....Longmans

PEIRSE, BLANCHE M.—Princess Neda, and Other Fairy Tales. 16mo, pp. 142, 3/-.....Ballin

PLATT, W.—Women, Love, and Life. Cr. 8vo, pp. 212, 3/6.....C. Hirsch

PREVOST, F.—Rust of Gold. Post 8vo, pp. 242, 5/-..... Ward & L.

RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—The Convict Ship. 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 15/- *net*.....Chatto

SIEVIER, R. S.—A Generation. Cr. 8vo, 6/- Downey

SMEATON, O.—By Adverse Winds. Post 8vo, pp. 446, 6/-..... Oliphant

SOMERSET, H. S.—The Land of the Muskeg. With Preface by A. H. Pollen. 8vo, pp. 280, 14/- *net*.....Heinemann

Sporting Stories and Sketches. By G. G. Post 8vo, pp. 268, 6/-.....Paul

STEELE, R.—Huon of Bordeaux: a Legend of the Time of Charlemagne. Fcp., 4to, 10/6. G. Allen

TADEMA, L. A.—The Crucifix: a Venetian Phantasy, and Other Tales. Post 8vo, pp. 172, 3/6.....Osgood

TURGENEV, I. S.—Spring Floods. Translated from the Russian by Edward Richter. Post 8vo, pp. 246, 3/6.....Lamley

TWEEDIE, MRS. A.—Wilton, Q. C.; or, Life in a Highland Shooting Box. Cr. 8vo, 6/- H. Cox

WARDE, L., and RUSSELL, P.—Fate's Grim Sport. Cr. 8vo, pp. 264, 3/6.....Sonnenschein

WELLDON, J. E. C.—Gerald Eversley's Friendship: a Study in Real Life. Cr. 8vo, pp. 354, 6/-.....Smith & E.

WERNER, E.—Clear the Track. Cr. 8vo, 6/- Internat. News Co.

WINTER, J. S.—A Magnificent Young Man. Cr. 8vo, 6/-.....F. V. White

YORKE, C.—The Medlicotts: an Uneventful Family Chronicle. Post 8vo, pp. 310, 3/6. Jarrold

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ARMOUR, MARGARET. The Home and Early Haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson. 12mo, pp. 100, 3/6..... Simpkin

ARMSTRONG, R. A.—Henry William Crosskey: his Life and Work. Post 8vo, pp. 442, 7/6. Simpkin

BARCLAY, E.—Stonehenge and its Earthworks. 4to, pp. 164, 15/-.....Nutt

CARMICHAEL, AMY WILSON.—From Sunrise-Land: Letters from Japan. 4to, pp. 192, 5/-; boards 3/6.....Marshall Bros.

FRASER, D.—Riverside Rambles of an Edinburgh Angler. Post 8vo, pp. 176, 3/6. Simpkin

GARDNER, MRS. ALAN.—Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots: being the Narrative of a Winter's Travel and Sport in Northern India. Imp. 8vo, pp. 352, 21/-.....Chatto

GRENFELL, W. T.—Vikings of To-day; or, Life and Medical Work among the Fisherman of Labrador. Post 8vo, pp. 240, 3/6. Marshall Bros.

GROOME, F. H.—Two Suffolk Friends. Imp. 16mo, pp. 140, 5/-.....W. Blackwood

MAUDE, F. C.—Five Years in Madagascar. Cr. 8vo, pp. 286, 5/-.....Chapman

MILLAR, A. H.—Fife, Pictorial and Historical: its People, Burghs, Castles and Mansions. 2 vols., 42/- *net*.....Menzies

MONTESPAN, MARQUISE.—Memoirs. Now first translated into English. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 398 and 376, 21/- *net*.....Nichols

MORLEY, G.—Sketches of Leafy Warwickshire, Rural and Urban. Roy. 8vo, pp. 156, 7/6. Simpkin

MORRISON, G. E.—An Australian in China: Being the Narrative of a Quiet Journey across China to British Burma. 8vo, pp. 308, 10/6. H. Cox

PENNINGTON, A. R.—Recollections of Persons and Events. Cr. 8vo, pp. 232, 4/- W. Gardner

REID, S. J.—Lord John Russell. Post 8vo, pp. 396, 3/6.....Low

ROBINSON, J. R.—Old Q.: a Memoir of William Douglas, Fourth Duke of Queensberry, K. T. Post 8vo, pp. 360, 7/6.....Low

ROSS, M., and SOMERVILLE, E. Œ.—Beggars on Horseback: a Riding Tour in North Wales. Post 8vo, pp. 186, 3/6.....Blackwood & S.

Secret Memoirs of the Court of St. Petersburg, Particularly Towards the End of the Reign of Catherine II. 8vo, pp. 406, 10/6 *net*. H. S. Nichols

STREATFIELD, R. A.—Masters of Italian Music. Post 8vo, pp. 282, 5/-..... Osgood

SWAYNE, H. G. C.—Seventeen Trips through Somaliland: a Record of Exploration and Big Game Shooting, 1885 to 1893. 8vo, pp. 382, 18/-.....R. Ward

SWETTENHAM, F. A.—Malay Sketches. Post 8vo, pp. 296, 5/- *net*.....Lane

VAN OORDT, J. W. G.—Plato, and the Times he Lived in. 8vo, pp. 266, 8/6 *net*.....Parker

WOOD, E.—The Crimea in 1854 and in 1894. 8vo, pp. 412, 16/-.....Chapman

WINES, F. H.—Punishment and Reformation: an Historical Sketch of the Rise of the Penitentiary System. Cr. 8vo, pp. 352, 6/- Sonnenschein

Yachting Cruise in Norway. By the Parson and the Lawyer. Post 8vo, pp. 180, 3/6. Unwin

SCIENCE, ART, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

BONAVIA, E.—Studies in the Evolution of Animals. 4to, pp. 390, 21/- *net*.....Constable

BROWNE, L.—Diphtheria and its Associates. Roy. 8vo, pp. 272, 16/-.....Bailliere

BURNS, G. J.—Glossary of Technical Terms used in Architecture and the Building Trades. Cr. 8vo, pp. 144, 3/6.....Spon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COE, C. C.—Nature versus Natural Selection: an Essay on Organic Evolution. 8vo, pp. 626, 10/6.....Sonnenschein

COLE, G. A. J.—Open-Air Studies: an Introduction to Geology Out-of-Doors. Cr. 8vo, pp. 330, 8/6.....Griffin

CORNISH, C. J.—Wild England of To-day and the Wild Life in it. 8vo, pp. 324, 12/6..Seeley

DRAGE, G.—The Problem of the Aged Poor. Cr. 8vo, pp. 394, 6/-.....Black

FOCK, A.—An Introduction to Chemical Crystallography. Post 8vo, pp. 198, 5/-.Froude

Garden of Pleasure. By E. V. B. Fcp. 8vo, pp. 236, 5/-.....Stock

GILES, P.—A Short Manual of Comparative Philology for Classical Students. Cr. 8vo, pp. 644, 10/6.....Macmillan

GILLIES, H. C.—The Theory and Practice of Counter-Irritation. 8vo, pp. 248, 6/- *net*. Macmillan

GREEN, J. R.—A Manual of Botany. Vol. I: Morphology and Anatomy, Based upon the Manual of Bentley. Post 8vo, pp. 386, 7/6. Churchill

HERTWIG, O.—The Cell Outlines of General Anatomy and Physiology. Translated by M. Campbell. 8vo, pp. 382, 12/- Sonnenschein

HANSEN. G. A., and LOOFT, C.—Leprosy: In Its Clinical and Pathological Aspects. Translated by N. Walker. 8vo, pp. 176, 10/6 *net*. Simpkin

HART, E.—Stencils of Old Japan (from originals in author's collection). Oblong folio, pp. 108, 21/- *net*.....Virtue

HEADLEY, F. W. The Structure and Life of Birds. Cr. 8vo, pp. 432, 7/6....Macmillan

LIEBBRAND, C. H.—This Age of Ours. Containing the Book of Problems and the Book on Socialism, etc. 8vo, pp. 364, 6/-... Low

NORDAU, M.—Conventional Lies of Our Civilization. 8vo, pp. 356, 17/. *net*.....Heinemann

RIDEAL, S.—Disinfection and Disinfectants, An Introduction to the Study of. 8vo, pp. 340, 12/6.....Griffin

ROMANES, G. J.—Mind and Monism. Post 8vo, pp. 170, 4/6.....Longmans

ROBINSON, H. M., and CRIBB, C. H.—The Law and Chemistry of Food and Drugs. Cr. 8vo, pp. 528, 8/- *net*.....Rebman

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHANCELLOR, E. B.—Literary Types: Being Essays in Criticism. Cr. 8vo, pp. 200, 4/6. Sonnenschein

FITZGERALD, P.—Boz Land: Dickens' Places and People. Post 8vo, pp. 242, 6/-..Downey

GRAHAM, P. A.—Country Pastimes for Boys. Cr. 8vo, pp. 464, 6/-..... Longmans

HALLARD, J. H.—Gallica, and Other Essays. 8vo, pp. 166, 6/6.....Longmans

HULME, F. E.—Natural History, Lore, and Legend: Being Some Few Examples of Quaint and By-gone Beliefs Gathered from Divers Authorities, etc. Cr. 8vo, pp. 358, 7/6 *net*. Quaritch

JEFFERIES, R.—Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies. Selected by H. S. H. Waylen. Post 8vo, pp. 120, 3/6. Longmans

MALLOCK, W. H.—The Heart of Life. 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 18/- *net*.....Chapman

MATTHEWS, B.—Books and Play-Books: Essays on Literature and the Drama. 8vo, pp. 242, 6/-.....Osgood

VANDAM, A. D.—French Men and French Manners: Odd Chapters and Sketches. 8vo, pp. 352, 10/6.....Chapman

---

CONTINENTAL.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARNETH, F. H. RITTER VON.—Das Classische Heidenthum und die christliche Religion. 2 vols. 15 M.

BAUMGARTEN, M.—Lucius Annaeus Seneca und das Christenthum in der tief gesunkenen antiken Weltzeit. 6 M.

BONVALOT, E.—Histoire du droit et des institutions de la Lorraine et des trois Evêchés (843–1789). 10 fr.

GEWAERT, F. A.—La Mélopée antique dans le chant de l'Eglise latine. 25 fr.

GOTHEIN, E.—Ignatius von Loyola und die Gegenreformation. 15 M.

KNÖPFLER A.—Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 9 M.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ARMINJON, J.—L'Admistration locale de l'Angleterre. 6 fr.

BELHOMME, V.—L'Armée française en 1890. 5 fr.

BERGER, ELIE.—Histoire de Blanche de Castille, Reine de France. 12 fr.

BOESWILLWALD, E., et R. Cagnat. Timgad: une Cité africaine sous l'Empire romain. 10 fr.

CAHN, J.—Münz und Geldgeschichte der Stadt Strassburg im Mittelalter. 4 M.

CISTERNES, R. DE.—Journal de marche du Grenadier Pils (1804–1814). 7 fr. 50 c.

CRUE F. DE.—Notes de Voyage. 3 fr.

CYON, E. DE.—Histoire de l'Entente franco-russe (1886–1894). 7 fr. 50 c.

D'ALBÉCA, A. L.—La France au Dahomey. 20 fr.

DESCOSTES, F.—Joseph de Maistre pendant la Révolution. 7 fr. 50 c.

DROZ, N.—Etudes et portraits historiques. 7 fr. 50 c.

ERCKMANN, E.—Alsaciens et Vosgiens d'autrefois. 3 fr.

FORGLOT, H.—Jean Balue, Cardinal d'Angers (1421?–1491). 7 fr.

GERUZEZ, PAUL.—A pied, à cheval, en voiture. 6 fr.

GOSSE, H. J.—Souvenirs du Danemark. 7 fr. 50 c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GÜTERBOCK, F.—Der Friede von Montebello und die Weiterentwickelung des Lombardenbundes. 3 M.

KREBS ET MORIS.—Campagnes dans les Alpes pendant la Révolution (1794–1796). 18 fr.

LACROIX, L.—Yankees et Canadiens: impressions de voyage en Amérique. 3 fr.

LAMY, ETIENNE.—Etudes sur le Second Empire. 7 fr. 50 c.

MEYER, H.—Bogen und Pfeil in Central-Brasilien. 4 M.

MOUILLARD, L.—Réflexions et Souvenirs du Chevalier de Ray. 4 fr.

PENSA, H.—L'Égypte et le Soudan Égyptien. 3 fr. 50 c.

RIEZLER, S.—Die bayerische Politik im Schmalkaldischen Kriege. 3 M. 30 c.

STREULI, W.—Thomas Carlyle als Vermittler deutscher Litteratur und deutschen Geistes. 2 M.

TEXTE, JOSEPH.—Jean-Jacques Rousseau, et les origines du cosmopolitanisme littéraire. 3 fr. 50 c.

WYSS, G. v.—Geschichte der Historiographie in der Schweiz. 7 M. 50 c.

ZALLINGER, O. v.—Das Verfahren gegen die landschädlichen Leute in Süddeutschland. 6 M.

SCIENCE, ART, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

ARNOULT, L.—Les Éléments d'une Formule de l'Art. 3 fr.

BAILLON, H.—Histoire des Plantès. Part XIII. Amaryleidacées, etc. 30 fr.

BOILLEY, P.—Les trois Socialismes: anarchisme, collectivisme, réformisme. 30 fr. 50 c.

BOUTAN, E.—Résumé de la Question monétaire. 2 fr. 50 c.

COCHIN, D.—Le Monde extérieur. 7 fr. 50 c.

DELAGE, YVES.—La Structure du protoplasma, et les théories sur l'hérédité, et les grands problèmes de la biologie générale. 24 fr.

DEMARÇAY, E.—Spectres électriques. 25 fr.

JAHN, H.—Grundriss der Elektrochemie. 8 M 40 c.

HIRT. H.—Der indogermanische Akzent. 9 M.

LICHTENBERGER, ANDRÉ.—Le Socialisme au XVIIIe Siècle. 7 fr. 50 c.

MEUNIER, STANISLAS.—La Géologie comparée. 6 fr.

NOORDEN, C. v.—Die Zuckerkranheit und ihre Behandlung. 5 M.

PÉRIN, CH.—Premiers principes d'économie politique. 3 fr. 50 c.

ROLLAND, E.—Hydrologie du Sahara algérien. 15 fr.

SACCO, F.—Essai sur l'Orogénie de la Terre. 3 fr.

SCHOTTE, E.—Bilder aus Nürnbergs Mauern. 20 M.

SCHILDT, A.—Die Giebelgruppen von Aegina. 4 M.

TILLE, A.—Von Darwin bis Nietzsche. Ein Buch Entwicklungsethik. 4 M. 50 c.

VILLEY, E.—Le Socialisme contemporain. 4 fr.

FICTION, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

ALLAIS, A.—Deux et deux font cinq. 3 fr. 50 c.

BAZIN, RENÉ.—Terre d'Espagne. 3 fr. 50 c.

BERR DE TURIQUE, J.—Madame et Monsieur. 3 fr. 50 c.

BRADA.—Jeunes Madames. 3 fr. 50 c.

BRUNET, L.—Français toujours. 3 fr. 50 c.

CHAMPSAUR, F.—Marquisette. 3 fr. 50c.

D'ARTOIS, A.—Le Sergent Balthazar. 3 fr. 50 c.

DAUDET, E.—Police et les Chouans sous le Consulat et l'Empire. 3 fr. 50 c.

DESCHAMPS, GASTON.—La Vie et les Livres. 2e Série. 3 fr. 10 c.

DARMESTETER, JAMES.—Critique et politique. 3 fr. 50 c.

DECOURCELLE, P.—Brune et Blonde. 3 fr. 50 c.

D'HÉZECQUES, COMTE.—Souvenirs dèun Page de la Cour de Louis XVI. 3 fr. 50 c.

ELLYAN, M.—La Nièce de M. le Curé. 3 fr. 50 c.

FLAGY.—La Reine Nadège. 3 fr. 50 c.

GYP.—La Coeur d'Ariane. 3 fr. 50 c.

Journal (Le) de la belle Meunière. 3 fr. 50 c.

KOHLER, J.—Der Ursprung der Melusinensage. 3 M.

LANSON, G.—Hommes et Livres. 3 fr. 50 c.

LEMONNIER, C.—La Faute de Madame Charvet. 3 fr. 50 c.

MAYGRIER, R.—Le Dernier Bohême. 3 fr. 50 c.

MONTÉGUT, M.—Dernier Cri. 3 fr. 50 c.

MOREAU-VAUTHIER, C.—Les Gamineries de Monsieur Triomphant. 3 fr. 50 c.

PONSOLLE, P.—Le Peur de Démon. 3 fr. 50 c.

ROLLAND, ROMAIN.—Histoire de l'Opéra en Europe avant Lully et Scarlatti. 10 fr.

SANDER, F.—Das Nibelungenlied. Siegfried der Schlangentöter. 3 M. 60 c.

SAUSSINE, H.—Le Prisme. 3 fr. 50 c.

SIMOND, C.—Histoire d'un Enfant du Peuple. 3 fr. 50 c.

STOURM, RENÉ.—Bibliographic historique des Finances de la France au XVIIIe Siècle. 9 fr.

THÉOTOKY, COMTE C.—Vie de Montagne. 3 fr. 50 c.

TOUDOUZE, G.—L'Orgueil du Nom. 3 fr. 50 c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED